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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

God, King and Country *ENGLAND OR RUSSIA ?*

THE WAR ON RELIGION

THE "Saturday Review" stands for God, King and Country. It views with increasing concern the anti-God activities of the Communists and the International tendencies of the Socialists. Both are aimed at what the Englishman holds precious—God, King and Country.

PROOF of the subversive propaganda abounds.

IN our "Notes of the Week" we have published the following indictment: "The most serious matter with which the Christian Protest Movement has been dealing during the past twelve months, is that the Soviet Government, the League of the Militant Godless and the Communist International, which all work in the closest co-operation, have instituted a complete network of propaganda throughout the other countries of the world.

"SEMINARIES in Moscow, and elsewhere, are training groups of men with a view to sending them out into other countries, and reports to hand from the Dominions, the United States and many other countries show how effectively this is being done.

"ANOTHER disturbing factor is that sixty powerful Soviet radio stations are spreading their propaganda over the entire world."

THE following extract from "Religion in the U.S.S.R." by the President of the Union of the Militant Godless in Russia shows the intensity with which the anti-God campaign is being waged:

"AN anti-religious centre must be created to assist the Communist Parties of all countries to guide this constantly growing movement against religion and the clergy, because this is a part of the class struggle and as such is not only meritable, but an essential part of the struggle against the Capitalistic world—part of the struggle for Communism.

"THE Five Year Plan, which maps out our economic construction, is riveted to another and a concurrent Five Year Plan designed to tear up the roots of religion. The vast army of exploiters and priests of all the religious creeds all over the world realise that the day when the earth will tremble beneath their feet is drawing near. That is why the rise of the mass Atheist movement imposes upon the Communist Parties the task of increasing the anti-religious struggle."

ELSEWHERE we read: "The fight against religion is a fight for Socialism, and until we have cleared religion out of the ranks of the workers we cannot get to revolutionary Socialism."

What is being done to counteract this pernicious attitude? As Lady Houston has said, "From Moscow, England has learned that 'Lies' are greater than 'Truth.' Two thousand years ago, 'Truth' was nailed upon the Cross—in the Sacred Person of Our Lord."

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Notes of the Week

Mr. Baldwin's Confession

At the moment of going to press the debate in the House of Commons on National Defences is still proceeding. Mr. Baldwin has admitted that there is ground for "very grave anxiety." Even he admitted—and Heaven knows that our National Government will not exaggerate the figures that damn this policy—that Germany has probably between 600 and 1,000 military aircraft. Against this our first line strength in this country is 560 aeroplanes and none of them is capable of tackling such potential bombing craft as the Dutch air liner which astonished us all in the Australia Flight.

Mr. Baldwin made his amazing admission as the member of a Government which refused Lady Houston's offer of £200,000 for the air defence of London.

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Treason

Mr. Churchill spoke as if he had read Lady Houston's article published this week in the *Saturday Review*. He declared amid applause that "we should now decide to maintain at all costs in the next ten years an air force substantially stronger than that of Germany, and that it should be considered A HIGH CRIME AGAINST THE STATE, whatever Government was in power, if that force was allowed to fall substantially below, even for a month, the potential force which might be possessed by that country abroad."

Is there any difference between "a high crime against the State" and that "treason" which Lady Houston has cried upon the roof-tops.

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Bombs Over London

A week or ten days intensive bombing of London, said Mr. Churchill, would mean that some 30,000 or 40,000 people would be killed or

maimed. Millions of people would be driven out into the open country without shelter or food and it would certainly absorb all the efforts of our small army and Territorials to deal with these refugees. Our safety as he pointed out lies in the maintenance of an air force sufficient to inflict upon any probable aggressor at least as much damage as he could inflict upon us.

**

Good Luck to Royal Lovers

It says much for the decency, the loyalty and, indeed, the sanity of the British people as a whole that the Royal Wedding this week has cast other public affairs temporarily into the background. There have been suggestions that the occasion has been awarded too much prominence. We do not agree. A pageant, particularly when it takes the form of a wedding of this type, is dear to the heart of most of us, for it is a link with the days of Merrie England, when pageantry had more than a passing importance.

But this was more than a pageant. It was a tribute of affection to a member of the Royal House and, through him, to the Throne itself, which is both a symbol of the national honour and an object of affection and respect.

Long life and happiness to the Duke and Duchess of Kent!

**

Is this the "Open Mind"?

O this Viceroy! Whilst the whole question of the Conservative Party's attitude towards the Joint Committee's recommendations stands in a very delicate situation, Lord Willingdon chooses to tell the Police Conference in New Delhi that he is able, "with the authority of the Secretary of State, to give you the assurance that His Majesty's Government cordially accept all the recommendations which the Joint Parliamentary Committee make regarding law and order and police intelligence." When Mr. Baldwin refuses to utter a word on the subject pending next Tuesday's Conference, when he has pledged himself that he would come before them uncommitted to any final proposals,

and when the Party which put the Government in power can put them out of it again—did Sir Samuel Hoare authorise the Viceroy to commit the Government to such a statement? This is not the first time Sir Samuel Hoare and the Viceroy have been accused of impropriety on this question. It certainly strikes at the roots of the *bona fides* of Mr. Baldwin's alleged open mind, if his subordinates can play this kind of game.

**

A Fallacy and its Answer

White Paper enthusiasts are fond of arguing that there is no alternative to their surrender of India except the rule of the sword and unadulterated repression. The truth is, of course, that British rule from its very beginning has created rather than suppressed the liberties of the individual. It has deliberately invited and encouraged Indian co-operation in the Administration. It has been the lawless alone who have been suppressed and, in recent stages of the British Raj, only after the greatest provocation. Britain, in short, has given India an internal and external peace, and an orderly progressive administration such as she had never before known. And now it is proposed to diminish to vanishing point the only genuine safeguard that India possesses or is likely to possess—British guidance and control.

**

What Should be Done

Why, instead of substituting for this safeguard a series of ornamental wrappers for the new Federal constitution, could not our politicians have provided a constitution that automatically safeguarded itself? The way to have done that, as Sir Michael O'Dwyer will show in the series of articles he is now writing for us, was to recognise that there are three elements, not two, that have a right to be taken into account—the British, the Ruling Princes and British India. By wholly eliminating the first we are sowing for India the whirlwind she must inevitably reap.

**

The Great Betrayal

The alarm which has been aroused by the India betrayal as outlined in the Joint Committee's Report found expression in speeches made at a meeting last Monday at the Central Hall, Westminster, organised by Miss Dorothy Crisp. The Duchess of Atholl, M.P., who was in the chair, read a cable from Mr. Lalkaka, a Parsee business man of Bombay, expressing the hope that the Government's policy of weakness and scuttle would be replaced by more energetic measures both in respect to India and Imperial defence. The Duchess dwelt on the age-long antagonism between Moslems and Hindus and the fetters of caste.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, M.P., declared that he had no doubt of the danger of the

policy which the Government appeared determined to force through Parliament. He gained loud applause when he said that in his view a strong Britain was the only guarantee for world peace.

Sir Michael O'Dwyer summed the matter up. "From beginning to end of the committee's report there is not one single sentence or one single word to indicate that the committee ever considered the welfare and advancement of the peoples of India."

Meantime a telegram from Bombay announces that an English lady has been terribly wounded by a Madrassi servant whom she dismissed. The innocent pay for our leaders' shirking of responsibility.

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Pacifist Hysteria

We do not often agree with Mr. Baldwin, and even less often do we admire him. But he hit the right nail on the head at Glasgow when he denounced the organisation of pacifist hysteria. The same note of wisdom ran through his message to the Government candidate at Putney.

It is worse than wicked that the cause of peace should be made a matter for party squabbling. The Socialists have been entirely to blame and are utterly ruthless in their methods. They continue to represent the Conservative party and their political opponents generally as actively working for war. They claim all activity in the cause of peace as the prerogative of themselves.

**

A Damnable Lie

This is a damnable lie, and they know that it is a lie. When they trot this lie out at by-elections the matter is serious enough. When they proclaim it generally it is much more serious, since they carry it to such lengths that the example the British Government has set in the reduction of armaments is depreciated, and even hidden altogether.

Foreign powers seize on this as an example of our national hypocrisy, and are driven to increase their own armaments. Thus is the cause of peace, which the Socialists so loudly profess, weakened by their own tactics.

**

The Socialist Motto

The truth is, of course, that this country is in a much weaker state than is consistent with the barest margin of safety. The Socialists blame the Government for being too bellicose when, in fact, they are not bellicose enough. But the motto of the most dishonest party and the most relentlessly malignant and unscrupulous Opposition the history of Parliament has ever known is "Score a point for the cause of Labour at any cost, and never mind how much the country is injured as the result of it."

The Chaotic Continent

Never in time of peace have unrest, uncertainty and fear dominated Europe to a greater extent than to-day. It is not alone the dread of open war among the nations, with new and unimaginable horrors for the civil population even more than for the combatants. That is the main thing, but there is also the spreading apprehension of that secret offensive waged by terrorist organisations which strikes at peace by assassination in high places. Chaos comes again!

It has long been plain except to fanatics and fools that the collective peace system embodied in the League of Nations is a fiction—and a dangerous fiction, a truth which has quite insufficiently penetrated the consciousness of far too many people in England, but which is realised perfectly on the Continent. There the various States, great and small, are enormously increasing their armaments, while at the same time forming themselves into groups under alliances or ententes.

**

Grave Omens of Trouble

Another source of serious trouble on the Continent is the bitter controversy between Yugoslavia and Hungary, which has arisen out of the assassination of King Alexander. Passions in south-eastern Europe are hot and highly inflammatory things—no-one should forget Serajevo. *Absit omen!* At present the point to notice is that here again there is a distinct grouping of States, for Italy proclaims her solidarity with Hungary, with whom also is Austria, as the recent meeting of their chief respective statesmen undoubtedly indicates. In these circumstances the expected *rapprochement* of France and Italy recedes into the dim distance. The visit of the Turkish Foreign Minister to Paris to concert a common policy with France on the lines of the Little Entente tends unfortunately in the same direction. And so do the student riots in Prague and Vienna.

**

Naval Talks Fiasco

As was to be expected by anybody who knows Japan's conviction that her security demands naval equality, the Naval conversations have made no progress. If they have not really come to an end, the most that can be said of them is that the three delegations are marking time until the Japanese announcement of the abrogation of the Treaty of Washington which, according to advices from Tokyo, will be made on December 10. In Japan it should be realised that the abrogation of this treaty will be welcomed by every sincerely patriotic Briton. It is a treaty that should never have been signed by England. We have to thank our miserable pacifist Ramsay MacDonald for it when

he was the head of the second Socialist Government. It was one of the most abominable "gestures" he ever made.

**

Socialist Empire-Breakers

Our Socialists and Communists usually—and probably deliberately—hide their real meaning in such a mass of verbiage that their speeches are utterly unintelligible. It is, therefore, somewhat refreshing to hear some plain English from one of these people. Mr. William Mellor, the Socialist candidate for Enfield, speaking the other day at Oxford, said: "I would do all I could to encourage the disruption of the British Empire." Such frankness is welcome and one wishes there were more of it from the same quarters. The Socialists' purpose has for long been obvious, but it is as well that they should pin themselves down to explicit declarations of policy.

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Baldwin's Christmas Box

Mr. Baldwin is nothing if not generous. "Never," he said in a recent speech, "so long as I have any responsibility in governing this country, will I sanction the British Navy being used for an armed blockade of any country in the world until I know what the United States of America is going to do."

Why? Are we dependent for our action in war on the whims of a foreign country? Blockade is the traditional weapon of the Navy, a weapon which has been tested through the centuries and proved valuable. The right of search has always been held by the British Navy and is one of its most cherished assets. Wars have been fought to uphold its validity, and now Mr. Baldwin proposes to dispose of it, presumably as a Christmas present to the nations in dispute on Naval matters.

**

The Right of Search

It was during the Dutch wars of the Commonwealth period that the right of search was established as a cardinal point in British Naval strategy. Blake had the vision to see its necessity and the power to enforce it. Ever since, it has been used by the Navy, and never so much as in the late war when it enabled us to enforce the contraband laws against Germany. That more than anything brought about the downfall of the central powers and enabled the Allies to gain the victory. After the war America did her utmost to persuade Britain to discard her dearly won advantage and accept President Wilson's nebulous theory of the "freedom of the seas." We refused and until now have gone on refusing this precious right. If Mr. Baldwin has his way, it will be the death rattle in the throat of British Naval supremacy.

An Enemy Hath Done This

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

VERILY believe that there are people in this island who are so unwilling to think for themselves, that even if a baboon were Prime Minister they would say he must be right—because he is Prime Minister—and would at once proceed to grow tails, and very soon, like the sloth, would be hanging upside down on any peg they could find in the House of Commons, asleep.

Too Lazy to Think

Our chief fault is that we have minds too slothful, too lazy, to think for ourselves—and as it was before the Great War when that splendid patriot, Lord Roberts, begged us to prepare for war, so now, even after losing two million in the last war of our bravest and best, we are even less, much less prepared than we were then, and because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has been drumming this lie into our ears that all is beautiful in the garden, we are too lazy to open our eyes and see for ourselves that all is damnable and simply a preparation for the horrors that Mr. Lloyd George has so eloquently warned us is imminent. We have absolutely refused once again to listen to the warnings of those who love us.

Our Greatest Enemies

Oh mothers, who say you will not bring up your children to be soldiers, let me whisper this truth in your ears; England and the British Empire before every other country in the world, has no reason to desire war—but THEY HAVE EVERY REASON BEFORE EVERY OTHER COUNTRY IN THE WORLD TO BE PREPARED FOR WAR, and that is why we should be doubly prepared for this dread horror. Those who cry "Disarm" are those who wish to bring war upon us by making us defenceless. They are our greatest enemies. **Judge by results.** When we had a Navy double the size of any other Navy, as was always insisted upon when our Ministers were Patriots and loved their Country, no-one dared to attack us, because we were too strong for them. Now that we have been persuaded by an ENEMY to throw away and destroy our defences and to lie down and say, "Here we are, utterly without defence, and, although you are all armed to the teeth, we are quite sure you will never go for us;" because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has told us so and he, of course, is always right. Did he not say, "By hook or by crook, diplomatic relations should be established with Russia"? (And in Russia every school-child of both sexes is being taught military

training, and many at a very early age are expert in the air, for their air force is immense.)

I would like to say to the Pacifists, **numbering among them many Clergymen**, who are very fond of quoting the Scriptures against those who consider that the way to Peace is to be prepared for war, to ponder over these words of our Lord:

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace."
and again He said:

"What king going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

Our bitterest enemies are within our gates, these men who dare to call themselves our Leaders, have dragged us down to the deepest depths of degradation this dear Country has ever known. Never before have we been so utterly defenceless in our Army, our Navy and our Air Force, who could not stand up against even the smallest nation in Europe that is well armed, and this in spite of the gravest warning from men of honour and integrity; and now this splendid country is utterly unprepared, because the men whose duty it was to have seen to this, are the Country's enemies—for only an enemy could have done this.

If War Broke Out

By Major H. Reade

IN the present unsettled state of Europe and the Far East, war might break out before the public even realised that there had been anything happening out of the ordinary. And what is worse, before even the papers could go to press or anyone have their next meal, a fierce and bloody air attack on our big cities and on London in particular could be launched.

In the space of only minutes a declaration of war could involve London in destruction and loss before which any previous calamity in its history would pale. Many millions of pounds of damage to property and the loss of thousands of lives would occur in an hour.

It is useless disguising facts. Germany could rain on London a greater weight of bombs within two hours of a declaration of war than all her airships and aeroplanes dropped on London in the whole four years of the last war.

Their object would be to terrorise the civil population, paralyse the financial and material life of London, and drive its citizens headlong out of the city and suburbs in panic. Ruthlessly, attack after attack would be launched to smash the resisting power of the civil will and compel surrender.

London is daily threatened. No hour of the day or night is this nation absolutely safe. There is always looming in the future, near or distant, the grim possibility of war, and we must look for a sudden declaration when it comes with all its appalling consequences.

No longer will be "the gathering together of the clans," the marching to the docks with bands and cheers and tears, the assembling on a foreign shore, the marching and counter-marching. War now will be dramatic, terrific, startling, a titanic struggle for the first blow, a devilish destruction of all the primary needs of livelihood and transport.

If we were prepared, that would be a different matter. However desperate and sudden may be the attack, the enemy would get thus far and no farther. Great damage and loss of life might result, but the vengeance would be swift and sure, and strong attacking squadrons would carry the war into the enemy country while strong defence squadrons would be ready to give battle to all attackers.

Yes, if that was so, then the prospect of a future air war would not be nearly so menacing as it is to-day. But we are now absolutely unprepared for war.

This Government Must Go!

By Kim

WE have been asked if we appreciate the fact that every step the *Saturday Review* takes to discredit the present Government the more help it is giving to the return of the Socialist Party. It is surely better, we are told, to support the "National" Government and seek to strengthen it, rather than play deliberately into the hands of the extremists who will ruin the nation and wreck the Empire.

As many hold this point of view we should explain why we consider such a counsel one of despair and destined to lead the nation into that very slough of despond we all wish to avoid. A number of Liberal and Socialist failures in their own parties, such as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman, and others, were enabled by the fatuity of Mr. Baldwin to capture the Conservative citadel, and impose upon the Conservative Party a policy of Socialism and Internationalism. This has so disgusted Conservatives that the Party is melting away. It is in a condition of chaos, drifting without a leader, or with a leader a great and growing number of Conservatives can no longer conscientiously support.

They Have Been Cheated

The rank and file of Conservatives now realise they have been cheated. When the Socialist Government under their leader Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had crashed, Mr. Baldwin in Kingsway Hall made an impassioned appeal to Conservatives to renounce their undisputed rights, and to sacrifice their claim to power in the interests of national unity. Mr. Baldwin pleaded only for the "present emergency and temporary government." Sir Henry Page Croft, who seconded a vote of confidence in Mr. Baldwin, placed on record that the leader had given a solemn promise that the "National" Government was to exist for one purpose only, namely *to restore the financial position in the country and that in no way was Conservative policy to be impaired.*

That confidence has been grossly abused. The financial stability in the realm was restored in the belief that the Government meant business without political prejudice. We came off the gold standard and at the same time many suffered severe cuts, whilst all of us cheerfully submitted to income tax additions of a savage nature. Few of the cuts have been restored and the income tax remains at its perilous war-time peak. Everybody submitted to these sacrifices in good part because they hoped and believed that prosperity would be restored and that while the "National" Government were in power they would function for the good of the nation and in no way jeopardise its safety.

Yet what did happen? The Government supported by Conservative votes produced Socialist legislation. One of their first acts was to force

through Parliament the Statute of Westminster, a highly contentious Socialist measure calculated to weaken the fabric of the Empire. Under it any Dominion can secede at the pleasure of a temporary Government with a fortuitous majority behind it. Mr. de Valera intends, it is said, to use this Statute as a means to proclaim an independent republic in the Free State, and in doing so to repudiate all the obligations and rights which exist under the present constitution. One safeguard after another has been swept away and as says Mr. J. H. Morgan, K.C., one of our greatest constitutional lawyers, Mr. de Valera can establish at any moment an Ireland independent, *de facto* and *de jure*. The Government's attitude towards Mr. de Valera has been despicable and un-British to a degree.

So with other questions. The Government boast about the restoration of prosperity, but it is purely relative. There are still over two million unemployed. Agriculture is in a highly distressed condition because the Free Trader Mr. Runciman, who is distrusted by every Conservative, kept open our markets to foreigners for a totally inadequate return. Despite Ottawa, the oversea Dominions have been sacrificed to the International Financiers. If trade is one of the principal objects of the "National" Government, why have they let our merchant shipping sink to its present deplorable condition, and in doing so still further place the country in an unenviable position in case of war? They could easily have saved it, but they deliberately let it decline.

Scandalous Neglect

The Government have neglected every aspect of national defence, the Air Force, the Army, and the Navy, and still unrepentantly profess to pin their faith on the discredited League of Nations. If war does occur, as the best authorities foretell, such of the population as escape the bombs or gas of the enemy must die of starvation, through the criminal neglect of our Agriculture, for there would be totally inadequate supplies, and our paper money would be worthless to purchase anything.

We accuse the present leaders of the "National" Government of being under the heel of anti-British masters. Mr. MacDonald has played the hand of international finance at Geneva and elsewhere. He has not acted for the benefit of the British nation. Unhappily he has been supported in every way by Mr. Baldwin in his policy of disintegration and destruction, as in the case of India and elsewhere. The Conservative rank and file now see through all this and a large percentage refuse to support the "National" Government any longer.

If Conservatives throw over Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will have to go, and Conservatism purified will save the country. It is the only way. The Government must go!

Thoughts on a Naval Occasion

Though in nautical circles the Nelson touch
Still counts for something if not for much,
As a bulwark of freedom the bounding sea
Isn't at all what it used to be
In the brave old days when Britannia swept her
Foes from its face with her three-pronged sceptre,
And a happy conjunction of winds and waves
Kept us all from becoming slaves.

For the foe who never, in days of yore,
Began to look like coming ashore,
Who struck his colours and cried " Give over ! "
Long before reaching the Straits of Dover.
When the next war comes, as it soon may do,
Will take no stock of the bounding blue,
But leaving our Navy to sweep it bare,
Arrive, the unsportsmanlike brute, by air.

So why should we worry if other powers
Want navies as big, or bigger, than ours,
And insist that their flags shall " terrific burn "
In spots where Britannia has small concern ?
Is it skin off our noses if Uncle Sam
Is worried about the defence of Guam,
Or the highly proliferous Japanee
Wants to be boss of the Yellow Sea ?

I grant that the sun omits to set
On our far-flung Emp. though it may do yet,
That if harm should come to our merchant fleet
There'd soon be a shortage of things to eat ;
But that we would reckon a small affair
When the enemy bombers arrived by air,
To gas Westminster and bomb Whitehall,
And make a horrible mess of us all.

Then why are we paying such great attention
To the fate of the Washington Convention,
Which, whether it goes or whether it stays,
Is Japan's affair and the U.S.A.'s,
Not ours whose foes, if a war should come,
Can safely be looked for nearer home ?

There is no reason, except that our meddlesome
Statesmen have seized on the chance to peddle some
More of those patented pacifist pills
With which they keep dosing the world and its ills.
And the only result will, as usual, be
That the friends we prescribe for will still disagree,
Except on one point ; you can soon guess what that is :
They'll both curse us roundly for Meddlesome Matties.

HAMADRYAD.

The Bishop and the Tramp

By the Saturday Reviewer

"MY good man," said the Bishop. The Tramp raised himself to a sitting posture and hastily threw a bunch of dry bracken over some feathers which lay about him. They were in the middle of a wide common, still adorned, although it was winter, with some golden spikes of gorse.

"My good man," said the Bishop, "Can you tell me the way to Barrowmarket Town?"

"Well; I'm blowed," said the Tramp. "When I saw your gaiters through the furze I thought it was the Keeper."

The Tramp turned his attention to a fire of furze-branches under an old kerosine-tin from which the savoury steam of a stewing pheasant rose into the evening air. "You're within three mile of it," he answered, "You'll find the turnpike at the gate yonder to the right of the haystack, which is where I slept last night. Nothing like good sweet hay for a bed in my reckoning."

The Bishop, finding the tramp so chatty, thought he might improve the occasion, and sat down upon a neighbouring tree-stump. "I have walked all the way across country from my house," he said.

"The Palace," said the Tramp, "a good five mile I reckon."

The Bishop preferred not to use so reactionary a description of his place of abode. He had been a muscular Christian, and had become a Christian Socialist. We must move with the times. Moreover, as his wife frequently pointed out, the Archbishop of York was a Socialist, and ten to one when York or Canterbury fell vacant the Socialists might be in power.

Even if the National Government were still in office, it was ten to one that Ramsay would appoint a Socialist Archbishop. Why, it was Baldwin who made Temple Archbishop of York, so evidently both sides wanted Socialists to rule the Church. Well, if they wanted them, they should have them.

"We are all good Democrats, nowadays," said the Bishop affably. "Now take my own case. Although you might expect me to be a Conservative, my true leader is that saintly man, George Lansbury."

"I don't hold with politics much," said the Tramp. "Lot o' rogues, I count 'em. But as you're so confiding, I'm a Tory."

"Indeed," said the Bishop, raising his eyebrows, "I thought we were all Socialists nowadays, especially the Proletariat."

"Don't you make any mistake," the Tramp replied, leaning back luxuriously on his bed of bracken. "Who do you think is going to raise the pheasants I snare?"

This new light on politics startled the good man. "I'm afraid you're a reactionary," he said. "Don't you realise that the Old Order is doomed?"

"Then what about you?" said the Tramp.

"Me!" exclaimed the Bishop. He had not

thought of himself as belonging to the Old Order. "I march with the times."

"Well I hope you won't have to run," said the Tramp. "But it seems to me that you and your Churches, and your Cathedrals and your palaces, have all a bit of money sticking to them, that the Comrades might want—if I know anything about them."

The Bishop found these ideas shockingly vulgar, and rather disturbing. He rose to go. "I am due to speak at a meeting," he explained.

"But this be a week-day," said the Tramp.

"Well it isn't exactly religion," explained the Bishop, growing affable again at the thought of a new point of approach, "Although you might almost call it the new religion of the Church of England. You see I am speaking on the League of Nations. We want to put an end to war."

"Poor old war!" the Tramp murmured, as one in a dream. "It's going too, is it? I like war."

The Bishop shuddered.

"Yes," the Tramp continued. "I had better times in the war than ever I had in peace. I was out there in a Labour Battalion, could shovel a bit of muck in those days! I tell you, those were the times! Everybody was matey then, both here and there. No cold shoulder anywhere! You felt yourself an Englishman! You would share your tobacco with anybody and talk about the chance of beating them bloody 'Uns! And now—every thing dull: All the spirit out of life, and everybody like a flock of sheep! Talk about the cruelties of war! There was kindness in that old war! And what abaht the cruelties of peace!"

"Hush, my man," said the Bishop magisterially, "You forget the sufferings of war; but we mean to put an end to them. When there are no longer armaments men can no longer fight, and we are disarming ourselves."

"What about the other fellow?" said the Tramp.

"We have great hopes," said the Bishop.

"Hopes!" said the Tramp with some scorn in his voice. "I saw Belgium, I saw France. The 'Uns cleaned them up properly, they did. And do you think they'd leave this country alone with all its cattle and stuff, and the gold in the Bank of England, and the houses and such, if there was nothing to keep them out? Do you bar your windows at night, Mister? How many pheasants would be left in these copses round here, if there wasn't any gamekeepers. Now I tell you, Mister, I live by my wits, as you might say, and have to think a bit, not being one of the lucky ones—like you. And if you're going to disarm you're going to go in rags—like me, with a hole in your boots and no seat to your trousers. See!"

The tramp lay further back, and raised a leg in the air, and the Bishop, shocked if not convinced, proceeded on his way.



This is India when Mahomedans and Hindus fall out.

THE BLOOD-STAINED WHITE PAPER - No. 1

Betraying the Masses

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

AS a literary production, the Report excels our admiration; in its survey of the political forces at work in India, it is luminous, if not convincing; in its references to the all-important subject of Indian administration, it reveals the incapacity of men trained only in British politics to comprehend Oriental conditions and problems.

As a result, the scheme propounded for the future Government of 353 millions of people (of whom at least 97 per cent. know nothing of, and care less for politics, but are intensely concerned with every-day administration, which affects them at every turn to an extent which only those with an intimate knowledge of India can appreciate) is an unreal and disappointing one.

It is true that the Committee have taken the preamble of the Parliament Act, 1919, as setting out finally and definitely, the ultimate aims of British rule in India.

These are briefly two—and only two:—

- (1) The gradual development by successive stages of self-governing institutions in India "as an integral part of the Empire" is to be determined by Parliament.
- (2) The time and manner of each advance are to be determined only by Parliament "*upon whom the responsibility lies for the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples.*"

From this it is clear that all constitutional advance should be governed by the condition that the welfare and advancement of the Indian

peoples should not be thereby endangered. In other words, the political ambitions of a small urban intelligentsia were not to have priority over the welfare—which can only be secured by good administration—of the great mass of the people, 92 per cent. of whom are quite illiterate and politically minors, while 90 per cent. live in villages.

Now the radical flaw in the Report is that the majority have considered almost exclusively how to meet the aspirations and demands of the Indian politicians, and have never applied the last section of (2) above as laid down by Parliament.

There is hardly a section in the Report dealing with this vital point.

This callous disregard for those who at present, and for many generations to come will be unable to make their voices heard or their influence felt in Indian politics, vitiates the whole scheme and would justify its rejection or wholesale amendment by Parliament.

The essentials of good administration in every country, and above all in India, are:—

- (1) External and internal security.
- (2) Impartial justice.
- (3) An honest progressive civil administration.
- (4) Light taxation.

All of these have hitherto been secured to India, to an extent unprecedented in her history and unsurpassed in any Oriental country, by the British Raj, i.e., the Crown and Parliament

working through the small (some 3,000 to-day), but highly efficient body of British officials that have established and maintained the finest administrative system in the world.

These are the men responsible for the general administration (the I.C.S.) and internal security (the Police), for the wonderful systems of irrigation, public works and railways—financed by British capital and carried out by the P.W.D. officers—which have trebled India's productive power and removed the constant menace of famine, for the admirable conservancy of over 100,000 square miles of forests, for the promotion of public health and fighting epidemic disease (I.M.S.), for the improvement of agriculture and veterinary relief, for the great extension of education through schools, colleges and universities (the Education Department).

All of these branches of administration are the creation of British rule. The small nucleus of British officials in each branch set the standards of integrity, efficiency and impartiality in a sub-continent where nepotism, corruption, racial and sectarian favouritism were endemic, and by their example have succeeded to a large extent in eradicating these vices from their Indian colleagues and subordinates.

With their reduction or disappearance, the old vices will rapidly reappear.

The Joint Committee pays lip-service to the achievements of these men, but it blindly follows the White Paper in condemning all these great services (except the I.C.S., Police and I.M.S., which are given a temporary respite) to extinction. For henceforward they are to be Indianised, i.e., recruited by Indian Ministers, and British recruitment through the Secretary of State is to cease.

In all this the interests of the Indian people—whose constant demand is for a British Judge,

Magistrate, Police Officer, Engineer, to protect them from oppression by Indian subordinates or exploiters—are being callously sacrificed to the clamour of the urban high caste Indian politicians, who desire power and place exclusively for themselves and their friends, and resent intensely the fact that their rural fellow countrymen show more confidence in the British official.

It can be shown, and it was vigorously asserted before the Committee, that every one of the essentials of good administration is imperilled by their proposals. Security will suffer by the Army and Police being under different authorities; the transfer of the Police to the control of Indian Ministers—generally representing a permanent Hindu or Muslim majority in the Legislature—will shake the moral and impartiality of the force.

The complete withdrawal or reduction of the small British element in all the other services will hasten the already noticeable deterioration of the administration in almost every branch.

The Committee has no doubt striven hard to secure the Judiciary against political influence, but even here it could not resist the desire to placate the Indian politicians, for it has actually accepted their proposal to abrogate the present law that one-third of the High Court Judges must be I.C.S. men of long Indian experience, and one-third members of the English or Scotch Bars!

Finally, while admitting that "India is still suffering from the effects of the general financial depression and the low level of agricultural prices," the Committee calmly proposes, "a further financial strain," consoling themselves with the reflection that it is not "formidable!"

The already heavily taxed Indian peasant will have to foot the bill for a scheme which is most harmful to his interests. He is indeed the toad beneath the harrow.



The Sickie and Hammer Raj, to which the White Paper will lead.

The Crumbling League

By Robert Machray

IN the world of high politics, so far at any rate as Europe is concerned, the red spotlight has shifted during the past few days from the Saar, temporarily under controlled expert discussion at Rome, to Geneva, where it now plays, remorselessly flame-coloured, on the League of Nations undergoing another disintegrating testing time. The Saar remains a danger and, of course, more will be heard of it before long, but at present the whole stage at Geneva is filled by the acrimonious and passionate dispute between Yugoslavia and Hungary, which has its origin in the dastardly assassination of King Alexander.

It was idle to suppose that so grave an event as the murder of the King would pass without causing equally grave and probably very widespread repercussions. As soon as the unfortunate Alexander was buried, the Yugoslav Government, backed by the two other Little Entente Governments, as well as by the Balkan Pact Governments, announced its determination to sift the whole frightful affair to the bottom, no matter whom or what it might involve. The immediate result is that Yugoslavia makes the most formidable charges against Hungary and declares that she can prove them, while Hungary on her side indignantly repels these accusations and states that she, too, has full proof of all she says.

It is a very serious quarrel—not the least doubt of that. But it is not my purpose in this article to attempt to probe into the controversy or to take the part of either of the disputants—that may perhaps come later when all the evidence for and against has been produced. At the moment, the question of the fate of the League itself is of primary interest, not only in relation to this particular dispute, but also having regard to two other developments of a very striking, not to say sensational, character, which bear upon that question, and suggest that the League is in fact fast crumbling away.

Walking Warily

No-one denies that Yugoslavia had a perfect right under the Covenant to bring Hungary to book before the League. Indeed, it might well be asked what the League was for if not for the elucidation of just such a matter. But in these difficult days the League has to walk most warily, and great care be taken to keep it from hard knocks as much as possible, for the poor thing is now in a very delicate condition. Some of its greatest friends admit its fragility, and in all probability it was from among their number that counsels of moderation were addressed to Belgrade. The real meaning of these counsels was "Don't make it too hard for the League," and not, as might be supposed, "Don't make it too hard for Hungary."

When it became known that these counsels had had no effect whatever, and that the Yugoslav Government was resolved to give full expression to the "profound indignation of the Yugoslav

people," there was great distress in Geneva—that the League is steeped in hypocrisy and insincerity was never more clearly manifested. Further efforts were made to induce Yugoslavia to modify what was understood to be the severe language she used, and it is credibly alleged that our Government took a hand in pressing her to do so, but she remained adamant, as did her backers, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Turkey and Greece.

All this, without bringing Italy in at all, was and is very "bad for the coo," otherwise the League, but it will be much worse with Italy in, for, as everybody knows, Mussolini likes the League not at all. So far Yugoslavia has not accused the Italian Government of any share in the terrorist campaign, but Hungary looks to Rome for assistance, and this complicates the situation.

Baldwin's Confession

As for our own footling Government a very strange thing must be recorded. Most Government speakers make a strong point of supporting the League—"We adhere strenuously to the ideal," said one of them the other day. Yet, speaking at Glasgow on Friday of last week, Mr. Baldwin actually stated that in his view, "a collective peace system was perfectly impracticable to-day." It is, but what a confession!

Coming from such a source, these are extraordinary words, for the League is the collective peace system or it is nothing. The plain meaning, one would say, of Mr. Baldwin's statement is that he has lost confidence in the League. And high time too! His speech did not in fact show that he was getting sick of pacifists and peace balloteers, but the fault lies with himself in standing by our ridiculous pacifist Prime Minister.

If our Government has till now been a firm supporter of the League, so has the present French Government, pursuing in this respect the same policy as that of previous French Governments. Let us turn now to France, and we have to record another very strange thing, as strange and significant a thing as in Mr. Baldwin's case. What was the underlying meaning of the statements made by M. Archimbaud last week which occasioned such a flutter among the chancelleries of Europe when he spoke of a Franco-Soviet entente? The key lay in the phrase "balance of power." But what has the League got to do with the balance of power? Absolutely nothing!

It may be objected that Archimbaud is not a member of the French Government, but it is the fact that as *rapporteur* of the French military estimates his position is such as makes it pretty certain that he would not have spoken as he did entirely "off his own bat." From these signs and portents, for which heaven be thanked, it may be concluded that the League cannot last very much longer. The trouble is that it has lasted far too long already.

Eve in Paris

THE romantic Royal love-match aroused intense interest in France. Fashionable Parisians who wished to be *à la page*, crossed the Channel to take part in the wedding week's festivities and humbler folks in thousands availed themselves of special cheap excursion tickets to spend the day in London, facing two nights' travel for a glimpse of Royalty.

Traditions of Monarchy

Léon Daudet's Party does not fail to contrast conditions in England and in France, to the latter's disadvantage. It shows that the prosperity of Great Britain has been helped by Sovereigns possessing a high sense of duty, devoted to their people, and beloved, whilst Princes, in touch with modern ideas, represent the Youth of the Nation, and carry on the best traditions of Monarchy. A sense of security prevails, money circulates; brilliant Court and State functions stimulate trade. Foreigners are attracted to a gay and hospitable land.

In France affairs are going badly; unemployment and discontent increase. Paris, dull, drear and despondent, makes little appeal to visitors. The Royalists declare that the Republican Government has failed, dishonesty and maladministration being responsible for the "*Crise*." A chief is needed, they cry, *le Roi Jean III*, who will restore the former glories of France.

Royalists as yet hold no important place among the many political parties. All, however, feel that drastic changes are necessary, and perhaps, imminent. The nation is weary of corrupt legislation and impatient of the Senate which shows senile inertness when vital reforms are advocated and exhibits malign activity where its own interests are concerned.

Dictator Ballot

The widely-read *Petit Journal* has organised a referendum inviting readers' views on the subject, "If France chose a Dictator, who would you prefer?" It submits a list of forty possible candidates giving, impartially, reasons for and against their nomination.

Amongst the names mentioned are those of Socialists, Blum, Cachin, Jouhaux, Torres and Herriot; of Marshals and Generals, Pétain, Franchet d'Espérey, Weygand and Denain; of politicians, Doumergue, Flandin, Tardieu and Jeanneney, President of the Senate; of Royalists; Maurras and Léon Daudet, and that of one ecclesiastic, the Abbé Bergey. All these men have followings, a few are great, but handicapped by age.

The Man of the Hour has not yet appeared to guide the destinies of France.

Among the recent scandals, l'*Affaire Levy*

recalls the Stavisky Case, promising sensational disclosures and implicating notable personages.

The career of Charles Goldenberg (or Levy—he used both names) arrested for frauds amounting to at least 200 million of francs, is an amazing one. An uneducated boy selling oranges in the streets of Algiers, he was clever and ambitious. Becoming dissatisfied with his prospects, he bethought himself of his cousin Joseph doing well in France and determined to join him. As a commercial traveller Charles showed extraordinary business capacities and made useful friends. Soon the cousins became partners in small enterprises, and floated companies.

The devastated regions of Northern France had been in 1920 empowered to borrow on war compensation still due to them, and the Union Industrielle was founded to deal with these loans. The Levys saw their opportunity, and started a rival "*Société Spéciale Financière*" which, officially recommended by the Minister Chautemp's Chief Secretary, André Dubois, and several Prefects, practically secured a monopoly of the business.

Their Downfall

The cousins were soon multi-millionnaires. In 1926 Charles Goldenberg (under the name of Levy) was made Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur by M. Georges Bonnet, who presided at a banquet to celebrate the event.

The successful financier became a personage welcomed in political circles and the Stage World. He attempted film management, produced *Don Quichotte* magnificently with Chaliapin, and *le Roi Pausole*, losing millions thereby.

Joseph meanwhile managed the joint enterprises, not badly, for last June he bought his cousin's shares for 60 millions. Later in difficulties, he obtained money from the Bank of Indo-China on worthless security. It was the beginning of the end. Both are now in prison, protesting innocence and blaming each other.

Among the crowds at the Aeronautical Salon was that pioneer of aviation, M. Louis Blériot. His dream is to see a regular aeroplane service between Europe and America. He has visited America to study the great floating islands of Edward Armstrong, which he considers in every way practicable. M. Blériot speaking at the American Club discussed these "*Iles flottantes*" and the international problems they presented. Individual ownership by the various Nations he favoured less than some arrangement controlled by the International Federation of Aeronautics. It was inspiring to listen to figures which M. Blériot gave to show that these floating islands—each 467 metres long and 50 metres wide—would make a regular transatlantic passenger and mail service possible from Paris to New York in 18 hours.

Young India Abroad

By Hamish Blair

(*The Man on the Spot*)

A PART from weak government most of our troubles in India can be traced to the present educational system. Founded with a view to training up a race of clerks for Government service it has expanded into a vast factory of sedition. If that well-meaning wiseacre Macaulay had made it the object of his life to disintegrate the British Empire in India he couldn't have devised a more perfect instrument for effecting it. Of course he meant well, like so many of the wiseacres who are now bent on completing his work; but in giving the present twist to Indian education he did what he could to ensure the collapse of British rule in this country and the speediest possible return to anarchy.

My own view is that under the most favourable conditions it will take at least a generation to undo the mischief which has been done by Macaulay and the other impatient idealists responsible for our present academic system. As I have insisted again and again, the present generation of the so-called educated classes is anti-British to a man. It will remain anti-British so long as it exists. Our only hope is to educate the rising generation differently. When that has grown mature, and the present anti-British generation has passed away we may hope to see an *intelligentsia* which will at least display a little intelligence.

Seekers after Knowledge

Even this presupposes so drastic a change in our educational methods that one despairs of seeing it made. It will never take place if the group of politicians now dominant in Whitehall and Downing Street can help it. But lacking it we can only look for increasing and aggravated unrest.

Like most problems that of educated India grows more and more complicated as time goes on. The post war years have brought with them a difficulty which could hardly have been foreseen, and of course was not foreseen by the wisdom of our rulers. This was the increasing tendency of young India seeking education abroad to go to Germany, Italy, France, the United States and of course Japan—in fact, to every civilised country in the world, bar Britain!

Some of the results to date are graphically depicted by "A Travelled Indian" writing in the *Statesman* a week or two ago. The authorities of the continental universities know full well, he says, the incapacity of Orientals to understand their cultural values. Still they flatter the Indian's vanity by conferring on him cheap doctorate degrees. In doing so they count on the fact that the Indian thus favoured will gratefully accept the rôle of an unpaid missionary of their culture among stay-at-home Indians. So scholarships are awarded to some Indian students every year by German, Italian and American educational authorities, and sometimes free passages are also arranged. Such expedients have an obvious commercial

value as aids to the development of their overseas trade. Smarting under the much exaggerated grievances which alien propagandists have maliciously ascribed to the British Government, hyper-sensitive Indian youths have rushed to admire the French, the Germans and the Japanese, whose administrative methods in their Asiatic and African colonies have never been inspired by purely altruistic and humane motives.

I again quote the "Travelled Indian" on how these developments have reacted on Indian education.

Since the Indianising of the higher educational service, Indian universities and colleges have now very few English professors on their staffs. Indians coming back with American, German, Italian and French degrees are being provided with high-salaried posts in the educational line. These "professors" parade their newly-acquired Continental culture to their admiring pupils, who are urged to direct their attention to Continental dramas and novels. Anniversaries of Dante and Goethe are organised under the auspices of local consuls and are attended by those who have never read these great masters. Less attention is being paid to proper appreciation of the masters of English literature, though the local students have to read their work in their classrooms. The authors of the "Divine Comedy" and of "Faust" are thus given a dubious homage by Indian intellectuals simply because these illustrious men were not of the English race!!

England must Act

With most of this thoughtful Indian's analysis I am heartily in agreement. The only point at which I venture to differ from him is when he goes on to suggest that the present anti-British reaction is due to these Continental and American wanderings. I think it is the other way round. It is the anti-British reaction which has sent these youths in such numbers to foreign centres. True, foreign educationalists have done their utmost to intensify their original anti-British bias. But the ground was well prepared before ever they went abroad, and those who prepared it were our own educationists, animated of course by those excellent intentions with which the way to Hell is paved.

We shall never have peace or prosperity in India until we recast our educational policy. But something might surely be done meanwhile to discourage these foreign excursions and actively to encourage young Indians to seek their natural *alma mater* in England. It must be confessed that English universities and technical colleges have not displayed the highest hospitality in this matter. Their excuse has usually been lack of accommodation. Nor, it is true, have Indian students always shown themselves desirable. But, as "A Travelled Indian" energetically declares, English culture is far more in harmony with Indian traditions than anything they can pick up in Berlin, Paris, Turin or even in Columbia. To suffer this progressive alienation of thought without making any effort to counter it will be not only unpardonable, but irretrievable.

India, November 11, 1934.

Slow Motion Air Ministry

By Major Oliver Stewart

THE Air Minister, in the House of Lords last week, replied to the critics of British commercial aviation and gave some indication of the Air Ministry plans for the future. The real significance of his speech, however, seems largely to have been overlooked, yet it is of the utmost importance to the public and to British commercial aviation, that it should be fully appreciated. I will try to put it in a few words.

Lord Londonderry showed that British commercial aviation is being regarded at the present moment from two totally different angles and that much of the Air Ministry's impatience with criticism is the result of its failure to recognise this. In other words, the Air Ministry and its critics are at cross-purposes, basing their arguments upon different premises. The Air Ministry looks upon British commercial aviation as a potentially self-sufficient industry; the critics look upon it as a minister of Empire, a device for securing Empire cohesion, Empire security and, indirectly, Empire prosperity. On the one hand it is assumed to be an end in itself; and on the other it is assumed to be a means to an end.

The Patriot's Point of View

Let it be made clear at once that, if British commercial aviation is to be looked upon as an end in itself; as a means of making a profit by the carriage of goods and passengers by air, a strong case can be made out in favour of past and present policy.

If the objective of our Empire lines is to make money, Lord Londonderry's speech, except for a few passages, stands. There has been steady movement towards that objective. If, however, the Empire air services are intended to knit up the Empire for a larger good; to provide swift communications for the benefit of all units of the Commonwealth; to proclaim to the world British engineering competence and to increase the Empire's strategic strength, then Lord Londonderry's speech is almost entirely irrelevant.

The view of all patriots must be the second one; British aviation, for the sake of the country's security if for no other reason, must be technically and in quantity ahead of all other nations. At present the public pays about half a million a year to Imperial Airways. If, as seems clear, acceleration and frequency in air line operation demand a higher sum, the higher sum must be obtained. If necessary, Imperial Airways must be given two million a year in subvention and it is the duty of the Air Ministry continuously to press for that amount.

The attitude of the Air Ministry should be, not: here is so much money, this is all that can be done with it, but: this is what is essential to Britain's security and prestige, it will cost so much. If, after that, the public refused to pay the extra amount, the Air Ministry would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it had done its duty.

It would have put the air needs before the country and called for their fulfilment.

The fact that Imperial Airways have done extraordinarily well with the small subvention they have had is a reason for an increase in the subvention and for putting the company in a position to make further technical advances and improvements in ground organisation. There might be no direct cash return; but direct cash return is a small thing beside Empire cohesion, Empire efficiency and Empire security.

It is an extraordinary and a depressing thing to notice the narrow views held by the Government upon aviation and its possibilities. For aviation is a thing about which it is essential to think and act upon a large scale.

Unless the Government increases its civil aviation subvention, Britain must be content with relatively slow air communications, restricted air communications and air communications of an intensity corresponding only to the existing demand and never of an intensity anticipating or tending to stimulate a greater demand. That is "business." And if our Empire air services are to be "business," there is nothing more to be said.

But for a patriotic and progressive Government to regard Empire air communications solely as "business" is unthinkable. The continued existence of the Empire demands that they shall be considered from a national point of view and that the first requirement should be that they serve the country. Their commercial success is also desirable, but it is secondary to their success as a bond of Empire.

Importance of Speed

Lord Londonderry sought to deprecate the tendency in air transport to talk almost exclusively in terms of miles per hour. This was a remarkable attitude to adopt, for no pilot—and Lord Londonderry is a competent pilot—ordinarily underrates the importance of m.p.h. It is with m.p.h. that the aeroplane defends itself against its greatest enemies, head winds and bad weather. I say this: that it is absolutely right in air transport to talk almost exclusively in terms of miles per hour. *Given equal landing speed and equal control, the faster aircraft is always the safer aircraft and it is also the more punctual aircraft.* To attempt to discredit speed in aircraft is to attempt to discredit the chief reason for the existence of aircraft.

But speed is not the only thing towards the development of which those responsible for the advance of British civil aviation should bend their efforts; there is also frequency. The services must be faster and more frequent. That is the country's need and it is the duty of the Government to see that it is attended to without delay. Aviation has been played with for much too long in this country; it is time that a large scale, progressive programme was adopted.

Duke and Duchess of Kent

THIS week the thoughts of all the loyal subjects of His Majesty the King throughout the British Isles and the Empire overseas have been turned towards the Abbey where yet another memorable scene was to be enacted in the never-ceasing pageant of the national life.

Here clearly is no pre-arranged State affair. It is a love match pure and simple between two persons who have been brought together by chance and have quickly discovered both an affinity of tastes and a mutual affection. That one of these two happens to be the beloved son of our own beloved Sovereign, is the one circumstance needed to transport this aura of romance to every British home, so that young and old may alike revel in it and be conscious of being touched by its enchantment.

Prince George

By a Former Shipmate

H.R.H. The Duke of Kent is still associated in the public mind with the Navy, though it is now some years since he served afloat as an active Officer. But it is right that the association should continue to be made, for "P.G.," as he was always called, is a typical Navy man.

When the war drew to a close, he was still at Dartmouth. During those difficult years, 1919-1920, when talk in the Navy was only about the reduction in personnel, it was the earnest endeavour of cadets of the Hawke term, in which was P.G., to beat him in the term examinations.

It was argued, erroneously as some discovered, that anyone who came out above Prince George in the final order would be safe from the axe. The rivalry was keen and P.G. used to observe his side of the bargain with scrupulous exactitude!

But the earnest plodders had counted without the chief attributes of the Naval Officer. My Lords of the Admiralty place such things as the gift of leadership, a quick brain, reliability in an emergency, above scholastic attainments, and P.G. was bound to come through on these where others, less favoured, fell by the way.

It is said that the two years of gunroom life is the acid test of the Naval Officer. It is the period of life when character is formed and when the small responsibilities of a midshipman are carefully observed by senior Officers in their search for the youngster on whom, in the future, reliance can be placed for the heavy responsibilities of command.

Through this unconscious test P.G. came with flying colours. He had that happy knack of seeing at a glance the best way of solving any of the interminable problems that confront the Naval Officer in the course of his duty. He had a sound judgment and a clear eye, and his jobs were carried out with the efficiency that is traditionally associated with the Navy.

P.G. was one of the most popular young Officers that the Service has known for a long time. In gunroom and wardroom his unflinching

cheerfulness and good spirits acted like a tonic even in the most depressing moments. Very keen on all forms of sport and always ready to join in any game going, he seemed somehow to galvanise his messmates into a happy and cheery crowd.

H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, but to the Service he will ever be that good companion, "P.G."

Prince George also has the distinction of being the first member of the Royal Family to become a civil servant. Both at the Foreign Office and in the Home Office he performed the work entrusted to him conscientiously and efficiently.

His recent tour through the South African Union and the two Rhodesias showed him following the footsteps of his brothers in doing his part in cementing the bonds of Empire.

And the people of every land throughout the Empire, proud of their share in all the members of the British Royal House, will be conscious at this moment of but one wish, that of the greatest possible happiness for Prince George and his bride.

Princess Marina

In the sixties of last century came a Danish Princess to our shores to marry another English Prince and to capture all English hearts by her grace, beauty and charm and to retain the affections of the British people up to the very day of her death. The fragrant memory of the Rose Day Queen still lingers, and it is of happy augury that in the Princess, also of Danish blood, now wedded to our youngest Prince, close observers have noted a resemblance both in appearance and graciousness of manner to the late Queen Alexandra.

She, too, on her arrival in England as a Royal bride, received a rousing welcome from British crowds; she, too, is the centre of affectionate British interest; and she, too, possesses, as we have the authority of all who have the honour of her friendship or acquaintance, just those qualities which must endear her to the British people.

This is what Miss Grace Ellison says of the Princess in the authorised biography just published by Messrs. Heinemann (3s. 6d., illustrated):—

"She has everything to take her straight into the hearts of the people and keep her there. And what is it? Not only her beauty, her charm, her culture and intelligence, but above all her own sweet nature, born partly of suffering and mostly of happiness, and a nature schooled above all in the right Christian spirit of love and service for others.

" 'I am so happy,' Princess Marina told me quite recently, 'and what is the crown of all my happiness is the employment my wedding will bring to so many who need work so badly' . . . Even in her happiness, her first thought is for others."

With a passion for art inherited from her father—she both paints and draws extremely well—she brings into the Royal Family a new interest to add to its already comprehensive list of activities in the field of human endeavour.

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Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

THE ROYAL LOVERS



GOD BLESS THEM !

Why Has Man Two Eyes?

By a Scientific Correspondent

IT is a curious fact that the simpler the questions one asks, the more difficult and unsatisfactory are the answers one receives. After all, there could be no more straightforward question to ask than this: why has man two eyes? Yet, on asking one's friends, a most curious diversity of opinion is revealed. Artists insist on the symmetrical charm and dignity of the human face, ignoring the fact that the Cyclops probably considered themselves quite good-looking! Far sighted economists rave about the economy of nature and point out how useful it was to Man, in the struggle for existence, to have a spare eye. In that case, why did we not evolve six or eight eyes, or even a whole battery of eyes like the superior spider?

But the oddest answer of all is that of the orthodox modern scientist. The latter merely skirts delicately round the question, and points out that Nature—not being a person—is not so vulgar as to pursue purposes of any kind!

Evidently a *most* unsatisfactory position, and one which will certainly not always remain the expression of orthodox opinion. Still, if we want any answer at all, we have to revise our original question and ask, not "why"—but "What more can man see with two eyes than with one?"

As we walk along a road, we have all noticed that the nearer objects seem to shift against the more distant background which remains steady. In point of fact, our two eyes are very rarely equally distant from objects and, therefore, this shifting differs for the two eyes. Their unconscious mental co-operation is the foundation of our sense of distance.

Try this Test

The point can very easily be tested: hang a ring a foot or two away from you, then, closing one eye, try to hang a hook from the ring. You will find it almost impossible to perform this simple task, for your feeling for distance depends on the harmonious functioning of the two eyes together. It is interesting to notice that the modern astronomer's method of finding the distances of stars depends on this same observation, of which it is merely the refinement and improvement.

The joint action of our two eyes enables us, not only to judge distances, but it also gives us our impression of the form and solidity of bodies. For the left eye sees more of the left side of an object than the right eye sees, and vice-versa. These two distinct impressions are integrated by the mind into a single sensation which is not, however, that of flat two dimensional objects but of solid, three dimensional ones.

This, of course, is the principle on which the familiar stereoscope—which gives us the illusion

of photographic solidity—depends for its functioning. There are one or two modifications of this instrument which deserve to be more widely known than they are. For example, have you ever tried the effect of placing the right hand picture on the left, and the left hand picture on the right? A most terrifying illusion is produced! Faces seem to be hollow, noses dive into the face, trees appear like holes in the ground! If nervous people are suddenly presented with a stereoscopic picture arranged in this way, they always blush violently and they are sometimes sick! It is one of the little practical jokes of the psychologists.

Again, some while ago, an ingenious photographer took a series of stereoscopic photographs of machinery and of anatomical models. He removed the outer parts one by one, still continuing to expose. The result is remarkable: the finished product looks like an X-ray photograph, the inside being visible through a ghostly exterior.

Eyes of a Giant

Lastly, there is that wonderful telestereoscope, which the great scientist Helmholtz invented about sixty years ago. Imagine two periscopes placed horizontally and with their eyepieces close together. If each of them is three feet long then, to all intents and purposes, your eyes are six feet apart, instead of three inches. Now this would be about the distance between the eyes of a giant 150 feet high. And, indeed, the instrument does seem to lend you for a while the eyes of Swift and you become a Gulliver in Lilliput! Everything appears dwarfed and nearby mountains look like moss-covered stones at your feet and between them appear dwarfed models of miniature cities and villages.

Thus, the possession of *two* eyes enables us to perceive a world of solid objects and to judge distances correctly. It allowed us to develop a science of perspective which is illustrated by the evolution of the flattered "herbarium" art of the Egyptians, through the Classical Art with its absence of perspective abbreviation to our modern mastery of the necessary technique.

In physical science, it has allowed us to develop a body of consistent and coherent knowledge. Presumably this feat would be almost impossible to a race of birds with their two totally different fields of view or to the many-eyed insects.

All these are comforting reflections. But, all the same, the uncomfortable feeling remains that the last word has not been said. Others, besides the man of science, would urge different arguments and a future race of civilised spiders might write and argue learnedly about the impossibility of two-eyed science!

The Story of Convoy

WHEN Sir John Jellicoe, as he was then, was called to the Admiralty at the close of 1916 to take over the duties of First Sea Lord, he was charged specifically to find some method of combating the growing toll of merchant shipping at the hands of enemy submarine attack. That was his main duty and the methods he used are told in his new book ("The Submarine Peril," by Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Jellicoe, Cassell, 8s. 6d.).

At the commencement of 1917, the situation was becoming critical. German submarines were sinking shipping at a rate at which it was impossible to replace it and the margin of available tonnage was rapidly disappearing. In January of that year, 153,000 tons of British shipping were sunk, and the volume increased each month to a maximum of 545,200 in April. Though offensive measures against submarines were pushed to their utmost, they were only touching the fringe of the campaign and it was obvious that some defensive steps would have to be adopted if we were to maintain the sea-borne trade on which the country was dependent for food and raw materials.

The two possible Expedients

Lord Jellicoe weighed in his mind the various possibilities as they presented themselves. There were two main lines on which something might be achieved. It might be possible to establish a sufficiently close blockade on enemy ports and so prevent a submarine getting out to sea, or a system of convoy might be organised to protect shipping through the submarine danger areas.

The difficulties of establishing a close blockade were many. It would call for a complete redistribution of the Grand Fleet and the capture of one of the German Islands in the Heligoland Bight as an advanced base. It would expose the Fleet to the danger of attack by submarine and mine, and sudden raids by the High Seas Fleet. It would mean the sudden reversal of our whole Naval strategy, not only as regards the present, but the past as well. And lastly, it would expose the Fleet to a risk which might entail the sudden loss of the whole of British sea supremacy.

The other line of action, convoy, seemed to present almost equal difficulties. The volume of current trade was such that the task of organising it into convoys sailing at fixed times and from fixed ports needed considerable powers of ingenuity. There would be delays in collecting the necessary ships and consequent congestion at the ports of departure and destination. The speed of merchant shipping would be reduced to that of the slowest ship in the convoy and the necessity of keeping station without navigation lights was one in which merchant officers had had no experience. From the Naval side of convoy, there were also considerable difficulties. Firstly, there was the extreme shortage of suitable escorting ships without denuding the Grand Fleet of its essential cruisers and destroyers. There was the inability,

until America entered the war, to use American ports as ports of assembly for the convoy. There was also the danger of bringing a convoy through mined waters, where the losses would be considerably larger than when ships entered such waters singly.

It was eventually considered, and very rightly so, that the difficulties attendant on a system of convoy were less than those which attached to a close blockade of enemy ports. In consequence, a system of convoy was commenced in May, 1917. Almost at once the volume of sinkings began to diminish and as the system was extended, it met with such success that by September, the building yards were able to produce sufficient new tonnage to keep pace with the monthly losses.

Lord Jellicoe's book points a lesson which is so apt to be forgotten. Attack on trade is no new feature of Naval warfare, just as convoy is the logical antidote to such attack. The Spaniards used convoy for protecting their West Indian and South American trade from the depredations of Drake, Hawkins and Anson. This country used it to protect her shipping from the attack of French privateers, the forerunners of the modern commerce raiders, during the Napoleonic wars. We had to use it again against the German campaign of 1915-1918. The weapons had altered and the volume of attack had increased, but it was only history repeating itself with modern weapons of attack.

And what of To-day ?

Under Lord Jellicoe's energetic leadership, new methods of attack against the submarine were developed and perfected. An anti-submarine division of the Admiralty, under the leadership of Rear-Admiral Duff and composed of young Officers who had shown considerable promise in producing effective weapons, was formed and one of their first efforts was the introduction of a method of depth-charging in which the submarine had only a slight chance of escape. Depth-charges themselves were improved and made more reliable and the supply of satisfactory mines was organised. Thus was the menace met and conquered to a very great extent.

What are the lessons then, to be learned from this phase of our Naval history? We can hear, if we are not deliberately deaf, the cry of British Admirals echoing through the centuries: "More frigates, more frigates." We can hear, too, the more modern cries of British Admirals: "More cruisers, more destroyers." The traditional strategy of Naval warfare calls for the same treatment to-day as it did yesterday. Only the weapons have changed.

In the late war, we were very nearly brought to our knees by an insufficiency of suitable units to safeguard our sea-borne trade. It is not the first time we have been so hampered. Are we to run the same risks again?

Science and Immortality

By A Student of Life

IF time is a dimension, as our modern scientists aver, personal immortality can be mathematically proved. Seven years ago Mr. J. W. Dunne put forward his theory of Serial Time in a book entitled "An Experiment with Time" and, as up to the present no mathematician has disproved it, it may be taken as established. Now in "A Serial Universe" (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.) he returns to the charge and derives from the supposed anomalies of the latest physics further arguments for the future life, while at the same time reducing the irrationalities of our scientists to reason. Even the elusive quantum declareth the glory of God and sheweth his handiwork.

The discovery of the cinematograph has had a profound effect on science and philosophy. Both scientists and philosophers have shirked the problem of Time just as they have avoided the cognate difficulty of the self-conscious self. An attempt has been made in the United States to found a philosophy of the present which accepts only the present as real, and it ends in a nihilism which denies the existence not only of the philosophy but even of the philosopher who is philosophising.

If Time is a dimension, it can be roughly represented by a cinema film. The universe seems to flash up every instant as something new, neither past nor future existing. That is exactly what happens with the film except that we know that the past and future pictures are already in existence and that they will continue to exist when the show has finished. If there is a clock in the film, it will show film time as opposed to the time shown by the spectator's watch and a casual analysis will show that this admission of two times implies an infinite series of time dimensions.

It might seem that this theory of the co-existence of past, present and future events leaves no place for free-will, for the intervention of what Mr. Dunne happily calls the ultimate observer. On the contrary the spectator can intervene and alter the pictures that are to appear on the screen just as he might conceivably substitute a fresh length of film for that which is waiting to be shown.

Mr. Dunne has an amazing power of explaining to the layman the most complicated mysteries of modern science. What is even more startling is his refusal to follow such pseudo-philosophers as Jeans and other scientific sophists into the mazes of irrationality. In "The Serial Universe" the average man with a working knowledge of elementary mathematics will find a primrose path towards the comprehension of the quantum, the uncertainty principle, the wave and particle theories, etc. In the light of Serialism their meaning can be grasped with an ease which emphasises the question-begging obscurity of the popular scientist.

The ultimate observer—that is, "you" or "I"—is left by Mr. Dunne after the destruction of the physical brain still observing all that has come within his observation during his lifetime. His

entire life goes on in another time, and nothing but a miracle can cut it short.

Here I would timidly raise an objection. Is there any reason why the observer after his death in this time of ours should be deprived of his power of interference with phenomena? Mr. Dunne leaves him with a creative power of building visions from his experience, but forbids him to intervene in the external world as he does in this existence.

It seems to me that, since the physical brain and body as well as all events or states endure in the time that has no end, the power of interference remains intact. Indeed, it is admitted that observation implies interference.

It is a well-established law that, in all interaction between an observing instrument and the object observed, what passes is energy in the form of one or more photons.

I hope that if I am wrong in this argument Mr. Dunne will explain to the readers of the *Saturday Review* the error into which I have fallen.

For he has written a book that is of vital importance to our age alike theoretically and practically. He has made a bridge between religion and science and slain materialism far more effectively than any experiments with the atom. "The Serial Universe" recalls science to its function as an open-minded observer of things as they are outside us, recognising the imperfection of its vision. The study of what is outside us can only be the handmaid of what is within and science must learn humility in its attempt to produce a feeling of certainty, its highest aim.

The Saar Danger

TWO well-informed and well-written books on the Saar make their appearance most opportunely. One, by Major B. T. Reynolds, is entitled "The Saar and the Franco-German Problem" (Edwin Arnold, 7s. 6d.) and the other, by Miss Margaret Lambert, is named simply "The Saar" (Faber, 7s. 6d.). Both authors have studied the subject on the spot, and in no superficial manner, though perhaps Miss Lambert shows the more intimate knowledge, particularly of the Saarlanders as they are to-day.

Major Reynold's book is of a more general character. He acknowledges in his Preface his indebtedness to a report published by the Institute of National Affairs, but he has had close contacts with both the Saar and the Rhur, where he served as liaison officer with the French during the occupation. Having spent ten years afterwards as manager of a factory in Southern Germany, he is well acquainted with the German attitude on the question. It may be that those ten years have given his book here and there a slight tinge of anti-French bias, but as a rule it is impartial.

Neither Major Reynolds nor Miss Lambert takes a very hopeful view of the situation; the one thinks the prospect cheerless, though not impossible of a solution, and the other points out that even the plebiscite will not be the end of the question.

The fact is "anything may happen in the Saar," as a foreign statesman recently remarked.

RECOMMENDED NOVELS

"**M**INIONS of the Moon," by Eden Philpotts (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

Once more the Devonshire background—not the Devonshire of to-day, but the Devonshire of the Napoleonic wars. Here we have two gallant highwaymen, escaping French prisoners and romance and excitement mixed together to give us a tale of the true Philpotts' flavour to enjoy.

"**Hundred Altars**" by Juliet Bredon (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

This is a first novel of fine quality. The title is the name of a village in Northern China and the story's theme is the Oriental parent's passion for sons and the tragedy of wives who bear only daughters or are sterile. The authoress displays a remarkable knowledge of the customs and mentality of the Chinese peasantry.

"**Voyage in the Dark**" by Jean Rhys (Constable, 5s.). A strangely moving pitiful little tale of eighteen months in a chorus girl's life. The story is told in the first person and that helps to heighten its realism. There is a beauty, too, in its telling that softens the effect of sordidness and gloom.

"**The Lord's Anointed**" by Ruth Eleanor McKee (John Lane, the Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.).

This is the story of New England missionaries belonging to a narrow Calvinistic creed who set out in 1819 to convert the inhabitants of Hawaii. It is an intensely interesting novel both because of its masterly delineation of character and its impressive realism. The main theme is the inner conflict that goes on within the mind of a woman between devotion and loyalty to a fanatical husband and loathing of the creed he preaches.

"**The Family**," by Elinor Mordaunt (Martin Secker, 7s. 6d.). A re-issue of a novel which was published 19 years ago and which has long been out of print.

"**Victorian Family Robinson**," by Beatrice Grimshaw (Cassells, 7s. 6d.).

Having shipwrecked her eight Victorians—four males and four females—on a South Sea island inhabited by a race of white people descended from the survivors of an earlier shipwreck, Miss Grimshaw proceeds to give us delightful entertainment out of this mixed company in her own whimsical way.

"**Inside Out**," by Geoffrey Ludlow (Harrap, 7s. 6d.).

Another Lunatic at Large, who affords much amusement to the reader by his exploits in the guise first of an Australian Bishop and then as a famous American film director.

"**The Balcony**," by Adrian Bell (Cobden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.).

A biography of a boy seemingly written by the man he has become. Mr. Bell's quiet and natural style adds a charm of its own to this intimate study of a child's mind.

"**Bid Time Return**," by Dorothy Easton (Secker, 7s. 6d.).

A country village, with its narrowness and uncharitableness, is the background for Miss Easton's drama of a difficult man and his household. The characters are well drawn and the rural background skilfully depicted.

"**Comedian**," by Kathleen Hewitt (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 7s. 6d.).

Miss Hewitt has chosen as her hero a man whose vices and failings are almost as conspicuous as his virtues—an actor whose antics on the stage roused audiences to gusts of laughter and who seems to have the faculty off the stage of getting himself into ridiculous situations; who is a faithful lover and generous friend, but is also a liar, a thief and a drunkard. It is a story that reveals once more Miss Hewitt's subtlety both in delineating complex characters and in evoking the interest of her readers in what might appear at first sight to be unattractive personalities.

Some Good Thrillers

"**G**ET Wallace," by Alexander Wilson (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.).

Sir Leonard Wallace, the famous chief of the Secret Service, reappears in this story to make startling discoveries, to have several narrow escapes from death and eventually to bring to book the leaders of a dangerous gang engaged in the theft and sale of national secrets. All the characters in the story are well drawn and it moves at a great pace.

"**The Saint Goes On**," by Leslie Charteris (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

Those who are not acquainted with "The Saint," or Mr. Simon Templar, to give him his proper name—and there must be few readers of crime fiction who have not come across this charming young man who makes a practice of robbing the criminal and is the despair of Chief Inspector Teal of Scotland Yard—may be recommended to make good the omission by reading Mr. Charteris' latest volume about him. Here they will find recorded three further episodes in his amazing career and will assuredly be tempted to follow "The Saint" when he bobs up serenely again in Mr. Charteris' next book.

"**Escape with Gun Cotton**," by Rupert Grayson (Grayson and Grayson, 7s. 6d.).

Gun Cotton is another of the famous Secret Service Agents who keep on having their exploits chronicled for the edification and delight of the thriller-reading public. This time Mr. Grayson takes his hero to the coast of Finland and with the help of a young engineer, half-English, half-Finn, makes him engage in assisting English agents in Soviet Russia to escape from the Bolsheviks. It is a story pack full of stirring incident, with a love episode to add to its interest.

"**The Fayolle Formula**," by T. G. Courtenay (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.).

This is the story of a pacifist millionaire who buys up an anaesthetising gas formula to prevent it being used for war purposes and who gets kidnapped by a gang intent on using this formula for criminal purposes. His rescue is effected, after many exciting adventures, by his son and the Secret Service investigator who undertook to find him. And in this case also there is plenty of romantic interest to accompany the thrills.

"**Tales of the Grotesque**," by L. A. Lewis (Philip Allan, 2s. 6d.).

A collection of grim, macabre, fantastic tales which will appeal to those who like such things. The author manages to give a sense of realism even to the most fantastic of them.

"**The Guinea Pig's Tail**," by Fielding Hope (Selwyn & Blount, 2s. 6d.).

The author of this short but exciting yarn is said to be one who is "famous under another name." In this tale he has intentionally made some mistakes, and the reader is invited both to entertain himself with a diverting thriller and to compete for the money prizes offered to those who can spot the most errors of fact.

"**Crooks Limited**," by Edmund Snell (Skeffington, 7s. 6d.).

The hero is a rather charming ex-Harley Street physician who has become a crook in partnership with a more ordinary criminal. Famous but fateful emeralds, a film star adventuress and other crooks all come into the story.

"**Daylight Murder**," by Paul McGuire (Skeffington, 7s. 6d.).

The financial editor of a London newspaper is found murdered on the top of a haystack in a Dorset district. How he came to be in the district and how he was murdered and his body placed on the haystack are the mysteries the police have to solve. Such clues as there are all naturally point in the wrong direction. The author keeps the reader's interest well sustained till he ultimately provides the unexpected solution.

Speed

[REVIEWED BY THE EARL OF COTTENHAM]

THE "Book of Speed" (Batsford, 5s., with contributions by Stephen King-Hall, Colonel P. T. Etherton, Geoffrey de Havilland, Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, Captain G. E. T. Eyston, Sir Malcolm Campbell, James Guthrie, Hubert Scott-Paine, Captain Sir Arthur Rostron, Cecil J. Allen, Engine-Driver C. Peachy and Major-General J. F. C. Fuller) should have been a magnificent book. The idea itself was magnificent: to produce an authoritative, up-to-the-minute book about speed.

But somewhere, alas, that idea hit up against a narrow mind, one which did not view speed as it should be viewed—internationally.

In consequence, except for an all too short description, by Colonel Etherton, of the Graf Zeppelin's regular trip across the Atlantic to South America, the book deals only with British manifestations of speed; and deals with them in a sketchy and slightly out of date manner.

This is all the more unfortunate because at the present time we do not hold the world's records for maximum speed in the air, on the water, by rail or for the trans-Atlantic liner crossing. Moreover, we have been right down the course for years past where road-racing cars are concerned. It would have been more graceful in every way, more in accordance with the British spirit of which

we boast, if this volume, whilst not neglecting our own performances, had paid the just tribute due to our more successful competitors in the realms of sheer pace.

The best feature of the book is its photographic illustrations. Some of these are really beautiful. And the most satisfying piece of writing is under the name of Flight-Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth. His experiences are recounted as quietly, straightforwardly and efficiently as he himself flies. There is also a well-written and interesting contribution from Major-General J. F. C. Fuller on "Speed in Modern Warfare."

Commander King-Hall's introductory essay contains some passages of quite intriguing discursiveness, but is spoilt by a too facile condescension of style, after the manner of the "Children's Corner" in a daily newspaper.

The most serious omission from this book is that of the name of Sir Henry Segrave, who, judged by international standards, should have been mentioned in four fields of endeavour: motor-boat racing, the world's speed record on land, Continental road races for cars, and track races. In these the world acknowledged him a master. So that, limited by the almost domestic scope of this book, he would have appeared supreme amongst his competing countrymen; which he was.

It is a positive disgrace that no reference is made to the exploits of our greatest and most consistently successful exponent of speed.

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FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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DRY GIN
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and the Croix de Guerre. In 1918 he entered Australian politics and became Prime Minister of the Commonwealth 1923-29. In 1932 he attended the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa, which was the third Imperial Conference at which he led the Australian Delegation. After the Ottawa Conference, Mr. Bruce came to London as Resident Minister, and held that position until he relinquished his Cabinet portfolio on his appointment as High Commissioner in 1933. He was appointed a member of the Privy Council in 1923, and a Companion of Honour in 1927.

THE RIGHT HON. S. M. BRUCE, C.H., M.C., High Commissioner for Australia, was born in Melbourne in 1883. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1906. When war broke out he joined the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps, and in April, 1915, as a subaltern in the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, he landed at Helles with the 29th Division. He was wounded on June 3rd, and later took part in the landing at Suvla Bay in August, and was again wounded seriously in October, 1915. After some eighteen months' medical treatment he was discharged in 1917 as unfit for further service, and returned to Australia. For his services he received the Military Cross

Woman's Part as Empire Builder

By "Blanche"

IN the great movement to build up and knit together our great Empire, not only by sentiment, but by an increasing mutual trading—why, one wonders, are women so inarticulate?

What public, sustained interest do the women of this country show in so vitally important a subject?

Women are proud of their growing intelligence which enables them to compete with men in hitherto exclusively male professions; woman has the vote. But what use are either, if she cannot see that both should be used for the good of her people?

What woman member of the House has nailed the Imperial colours to her banner? Yet it is the British housewife who is the deciding factor in all trade agreements. She can make or mar trade "pacts" or quotas by her purchases. She can create home markets and encourage Imperial imports.

Does she realise in the least her power, or wait to be egged on by a vast newspaper propaganda to "Buy British?"

It is a remarkable fact that when the costly Empire Marketing Board ceased to exist, there was no powerful women's body to step into the breach to keep alive the good work done or to collect the valuable data on Home and Imperial grown foodstuffs so expensively compiled. Where, indeed, were the Imperial Housewives? I, for one, waited expectant and endeavoured to arouse such interest—but in vain. I was told by the shopkeepers that "Women do not care a button where a thing comes from—so long as it is cheap." What an indictment against the women of a great Empire!

One must not, of course, ignore the efforts that are made by small, individual Leagues and patriotic bodies which exist, but whose activities are grievously curtailed by lack of publicity, finance and membership and who so often sadly overlap. If they would only consent to combine forces, how much more they could accomplish!

Can it be that the typical "Woman's Page" is what the average thinking woman *wants*, with its drivelling social paragraphs, its fashion sops to the advertising draper, or beauty articles entitled (in one of our most sober dailies): "Women are becoming elbow conscious"? Is woman really interested in such mush?

The Empire

Is she not interested instead to know that thousands of pounds of Russian butter come into this country every week and disappear mysteriously into "Blends"? Ought she not to worry herself over the question why the British grower receives so little for his produce while she pays so much at the shop; why our fishing is verging on starvation; why our freight is carried from port to port by foreign ships, while our own lie idle in the quiet estuaries round the coast and our gallant merchant seamen hang round the docks starving, bitter yet unbelievably long suffering?

When will the woman at home do her part, come out into the sunlight and announce her love and belief to the great Empire to which she belongs and her wish to help it on?

WE HAVE OUR LEADER. Why not follow her?

South Africa

Witch-Doctor for Royal Lovers

By "R.B.A.B."

AZULU witch-doctor will grace the new home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent—or, at least, a bust of him.

When the Prince was in South Africa he was greatly intrigued by the native life. In Kingwilliamstown he was welcomed by Mr. B. O. Schonegevel, then Mayor whom I mentioned in my notes last week. Here the Prince received loyal greetings from the native king, representing the local native rural population of 150,000 and from representatives of over one and a half millions drawn from all over the Cape Province.

It was because of the interest that the Prince showed that Mr. Schonegevel conceived the idea of a sculptured bust of a witch doctor.

Hence the bust which Mr. Schonegevel has given. The sculpture, the work of the late Captain van Ryneveld, is magnificent in its intensity of native expression. It is carried out in plaster-of-paris, cement and clay, and is mounted on a base of stinkwood.

Poor Whites

As I stressed last week, the poor whites problem is one which is bound to cause considerable dissension in South Africa as to its solution. I make no excuse for quoting my informant of last week for new light on this puzzle: his information is up-to-date.

"Governments are spending millions," he declared, "to enable the farming community to carry on. Everything in this world comes from the earth, so one does not quibble at all about the policy of any Government that goes all out to keep the rural dweller on the land."

"In South Africa, as I said before, the poor white from the rural area flies to the town like a moth to the light, and like a moth he scorches his wings so badly that he is unable to fly back to the environment from which he came."

"It is very wrong to take from the rural areas the man who is used to the environment and conditions on the land, introduce him to the glamour of town life, and then, in order to balance the population between country and town, dump the butcher and baker and the candlestick maker in the rural areas." In other words, let the cobbler stick to his last and the countryman to his plough.

The Dominion Party

I have just received from Kloof, Natal, "Dominion Party Leaflet No. 4" from "a new but enthusiastic subscriber to your very excellent paper," with which I

That's the Stuff

Lord Mayor of Sydney: "If ever again the call for King and Country comes, Australia will be there."

Week by Week

will deal in a subsequent article. It consists of the letter from J. S. Marwick to Smuts and opens:

"Dear General Smuts,—It is due to those in this Province who have supported you throughout your leadership of the South African Party, and who can support you no longer, that, without acrimony or heat, the main reasons which have made it impossible for them to follow you into a new party under the leadership of General Hertzog should be stated, now that we have reached the parting of the ways. . . ."

Then follows the reasons for the parting of the ways. They include Smuts' own alleged deviation from the principles of the S.A.P., a reiteration of those principles, the question of British nationality, Republican propaganda, land settlement administration, Imperial preference, defence, and further constitutional changes.

And lastly, "An already large, and rapidly increasing, number of South Africans who look upon your (Smuts') programme of principles, with its many subtleties and uncertainties, as inconsistent with the beliefs by which they are guided, and repugnant to their convictions, have decided upon the formation of a separate party by which they hope to serve the interests of the Union in a way which will command the confidence of all classes of the people." The quotations from Smuts' speeches given in this pamphlet are certainly interesting.

Incidentally, my correspondent mentions that South African news is "rather conspicuous by its absence in the English Press." Well, that shortage can easily be remedied if South African readers of the *Saturday Review* will collaborate and from time to time forward me matter for inclusion in this column.

Australia v. Argentina

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

SCIENCE and the depression—which is another mother of invention—have between them brought Australia within sight of achieving another milestone in her marketing progress which, in the days of her easy prosperity, seemed visionary.

The British market for chilled beef, long a monopoly of South America, will soon be challenged by the Commonwealth. The chief incentive to Australia's determination has been the partial collapse of the market for frozen beef. Faced with the prospect of the whittling away of her export beef trade, Australia has set to work to overcome the handicap of Argentina's thirty years' start in chilled beef marketing. This was not the worst of her obstacles—the product of Argentina reaches London in three weeks, against voyages of from thirty-five to fifty days from various Australian ports.

For many years, it was felt that the disparity in time must eliminate Australia as a serious competitor in this potentially rich market. Now marine engineering and bacteriological science have discovered processes whereby chilled beef can be maintained in good condition throughout the long voyage.

Mr. George Tomlins, superintendent of the Queensland Meat Industry Board, is now in London making investigations which will help to carry the Australian chilled beef trade from an experimental to a commercial basis. He tells me that, next year, twenty thousand tons of chilled beef will be exported from Brisbane to England. Thirty-eight steamers already have been either fitted or

And also this

General Hertzog: "For my part, I am done with a Republic and Republicanism."

THE HON. G. HOWARD FERGUSON, High Commissioner for Canada in London, is one of the greatest living Imperialists. To an ardent belief in the high destinies of the British race he adds the shrewdness of a man versed in public and political affairs and never allows his intense patriotism to degenerate into mere lip service. Of Scottish descent, he has always boasted of his Old Country stock while retaining a passionate devotion to the well being of his Dominion. He has interpreted the latter to the former more effectively than any other man could have done. His modesty has made it impossible for any but his intimate friends to assess the value of his work in the adjustment of Imperial conversations and undertakings of all kinds. His tact and energy in dealing with issues like the Imperial Conferences, the implementing of the Ottawa Agreements and the controversy over the mass importation of Russian timber contributed immeasurably to their successful outcome from the Empire viewpoint. Personally he is the most charming of men, and he and Mrs. Ferguson have probably a wider circle of friends in this country, embracing all sections of society, than any other Canadians.



reconstructed to carry chilled beef from the Commonwealth; another twelve are in process of adaptation.

Queensland is the State likely to profit most from the despatch to Smithfield of large quantities of chilled beef, which has always a readier sale than frozen. Queensland is responsible for about 80 per cent. of Australia's beef exports. It is encouraging to find her so awake to the needs of the new industry, so reconciled to the elimination of the old.

An authority who is well acquainted with the meat trade of Argentina as he is with Australian developments, informs me that the scientific standard now attained in the industry in Queensland exceeds that of South America. The three essentials of success are fresh stock, publicity and the avoidance of the monopolies which have created such dissatisfaction in South America.

The pioneers of the industry in Australia ask whether Great Britain is going to recognise the vast disparity between her exports to Australia and Argentina in her encouragement of this new Imperial source of supply of essential commodities. She considers the Anglo-Argentine treaty the greatest barrier to the development of a great new industry, by which British breeders stand also to benefit.

It is not only in Shoe Lane that this Treaty is called the Black Pact.

New Zealand's Child—Samoa

By "Antipodean"

THE public mind of New Zealand in these days is not so exercised over the affairs of Western Samoa as was the case a few years ago. Western Samoa, one need scarcely explain, is that portion of the island group formerly owned by Germany, taken possession of by New Zealand in the early days of the War, and mandated by the League of Nations to New Zealand.

There were certain occurrences last year which were charged with elements of further trouble, but according to the report which the New Zealand representative presented last month to the League of Nations, these threatened difficulties were overcome by prompt action, resulting in imprisonment, after due trial, of fourteen members of the Mau, and the deportation of the leader, O. F. Nelson.

Empire Week by Week—Cont.

Now the administration is functioning normally and smoothly.

Though economy in expenditure has been essential, education has not suffered. Indeed, no native people have had greater advantages than these island charges of New Zealand in both health and education.

Unfortunately, a falling price for Samoa's chief item of export, copra, affected her income to some extent, notwithstanding that greater quantities were exported.

One very pleasing feature is that the native population is increasing. This increase has been shown only since Samoa came under the Mandate of New Zealand.

Canada's Economic Recovery

By "Canuck"

RUMOURS of improved conditions in Canada are cheering, but vague unless they are supported by concrete examples of improvement, and these are happily forthcoming.

The receipts in Railway traffic are always a thermometer of industrial health and during the last eleven months the two Canadian railways have shown a total increase on their gross earnings of about \$25,000,000 compared with the same period last year.

Another cogent reason for a belief that the tide has really turned in Canadian commercial affairs may be found in the review of American industrial conditions just published by Col. Leonard P. Ayres, Vice-President of the Cleveland Trust Company, and one of the leading economists in the United States. In this he compares the industrial and employment trend of the two countries, very much to Canada's advantage.

According to the data compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics of the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce, Canadian industrial production did not decline, even during the depression, quite as far as did America's, and it has made a much greater recovery.

At the close of the third quarter of 1934, the volume of industrial production in Canada had recovered almost to the level of the latter part of 1929.

The record of the employment of industrial workers in Canada is also better than in America, though not to the degree of the production record.

Col. Ayres points out that it is particularly noteworthy that in the first nine months of this year both industrial production and employment have made large net gains in Canada and small net losses in the United States and this independent witness provides heartening material for reflection and a sling with which to catapult the pessimists.

Politics in Southern Rhodesia

THE constitution of the Rhodesian Parliament after the Election last year was sixteen members of the Reform Party, nine members of the Rhodesian Party, and five Labour Members, giving the Government a majority over the combined forces of the Opposition of only two votes.

The weakness of his majority was fully appreciated by Mr. Huggins when he took office, and in his first speech as Premier he hinted at the future possibility of a non-party Government.

During September last the Reform Party, headed by Mr. Huggins, and the Rhodesian Party, headed by Mr. Fynn, resolved to join hands and go to the country as a United Party under the leadership of the Prime Minister with the object of ensuring a stable Government.

While no state of emergency had arisen in the Colony to make the formation of a Coalition Government imperative, the advisability of some such arrangement had become increasingly apparent. By enlisting the co-operation of the Rhodesian Party, Mr. Huggins found the most satisfactory solution to the difficult position with which he found himself confronted on his return from a recent visit to England.

The General Election held in Southern Rhodesia on the 7th November, 1934, resulted in a decisive victory for the new United Party. The final state of the parties was: United Party, 24; Labour, 5; Reform, 1. The result has given great satisfaction in the country as a whole.

The electorate has reaffirmed its confidence in Mr. Huggins and, by providing him with the Parliamentary majority for which he has appealed, has assured political stability to the country during the next five years.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Thanks from Western Australia's Delegates

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I write to thank you on behalf of myself and the other members of the Secession Delegation for the great prominence the *Saturday Review* so kindly gave our statement concerning the intention of the people of Western Australia to withdraw from the Commonwealth.

It is only by the assistance of those with the highest Imperial interests at heart that we can hope to make that loyal State of Western Australia the flourishing outpost of Empire that our people desire. H. K. WATSON.

Savoy House, W.C.2.

Cordial Congratulations

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

It has always been amazing to me that the English Press paid such little attention to political and other developments in the great Empire, to which every English man and woman should be proud to belong.

It is characteristic of Your Ladyship that, having noted this public evil, you should once more gallantly set out to remedy what, from a patriotic point of view, is a truly deplorable state of affairs.

Since your "Empire Week by Week" feature has appeared I have heard numerous favourable comments on it from friends and acquaintances, and this has helped to convince me that the British public does really wish to be kept informed on Empire matters.

Socialists and Communists may scoff at "Imperialism," but the fact remains that a strong British Empire is the best, probably the only, guarantee of the world's peace.

Every British patriot must admire your courage in vigorously attacking those who, by cutting our defences "down and down and down," would reduce Britain and its Empire to the insignificance of some petty South American republic.

As one, too, who has spent some years of his life in India and is shortly going back there from leave, and who knows what British protection means to the people of that country—whether they are politicians crying for the moon or the patient masses who from time immemorial have wanted nothing more than to be left in peace to till their fields and enjoy their simple pleasures—I can only wish you every success in the campaign you are conducting to save India from the follies of White Paper sentimentality, which must inevitably lead to chaos. N. STANLEY.

Haverstock Hill, N.W.8.

A Referendum on the India Scheme

SIR,—Owing to unfortunate domestic trouble I have had little time of late to devote to the question of India. I have not yet read the Joint Select Committee's Report which I have ordered, but I think sufficient has been said in the Press to enable me, with my knowledge of the question, to form a fair opinion of what is to happen—unless it can be prevented.

I have just read in one of the Sunday papers a part of the official criticism issued by the India Defence League, of which the following strikes me as being particularly pertinent.

"In our belief the people of Great Britain will never sanction a policy involving so serious a risk to the safety of our great Indian Empire."

The question is, how are the people of England going to prevent it if the supporters of that policy have their way. It is understood that the matter is to be pushed through the present Parliament without any mandate from the people and without any reference to them.

For a long time I have suggested a Referendum as being the only method of giving the public an opportunity of informing Mr. Baldwin that they will have none of this surrender.

Surely it should be possible for some combination of those influential papers and societies who are against the proposals to set this Referendum afoot?

DAVID SHUBART.

Polzeath, Wadebridge.

Germany and Peace

SIR,—I have read with interest the article "Where are we?" in your paper of Nov. 17th.

I want to thank you for your fair understanding of my country. Germany and her leader Adolf Hitler most certainly do not want war. We only want to be left in peace to recover slowly from the terrible effects of the last war and the so-called peace Treaty of Versailles. Nobody wants a war here and if there is any "war-of-revenge" party in Germany, it must be very small indeed as I have never heard of it.

Of course, Germany wants equality at last—but not to attack anybody but as a matter of national honour. What would the British say if they were asked to renounce essential means of their defence whilst other nations would maintain these weapons! Public opinion would rise in indignation!

We Germans are not less proud of our national honour! But Germany is still ready to come to an understanding also in the question of disarmament and we have the most earnest desire for peace.

BARONESS VON DER GOLTZ.

Rogzow,
über Belgard/Pers. Pom.

The Way to Get Real Conservatism

SIR,—The article by Colonel Sir Thomas A. Polson, entitled "Heading for Bankruptcy," expounds the deplorable political and financial procedure which grips the nation.

Every Conservative knows perfectly well, if he knows at all, that the diseases of political dishonesty and extravagance have gone too far to be cured by any means other than the expedient which I suggest.

We are not likely to get "real Conservatism" until the direct taxpayers of this country combine to compel it, and it might be a useful thing to give your readers, of which I have been one ever since the *Saturday Review* commenced to dispense the strong and forthright journalistic "meat" which is its best feature, some details as to the organisation which could succeed where political parties have so dismally failed.

Our Parliamentary system makes it quite impossible for anything of a salutary and constructive nature being evolved within the walls of St. Stephen's.

I would very much like a copy of the unexpurgated page written by Lady Houston and entitled "These Traitors," as I am quite certain that there will be millions of decent-thinking people in this country who will agree with the paragraph behind the black lines.—Yours faithfully,
PHILIP H. BAYER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Royal Wedding Gifts

[From Lords Greville and Winchelsea]

SIR,—It is known that many people are anxious to commemorate in some way or other the marriage of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina of Greece, and that, although there are several ways in which this might take some tangible form, it is not always easy for everyone to decide what would be most suitable.

This difficulty has been brought to the notice of His Royal Highness, and he has been pleased to agree to the suggestion that wedding presents of this nature might be made by a first donation to the rebuilding of St. George's Hospital, of which His Royal Highness is President, and in whose welfare he takes a deep interest.

St. George's Hospital has stood on its historic site in the very centre of the great Metropolis for more than 200 years, and is perhaps more widely known than any other institution of its kind in the Empire.

The Duke of Kent is keenly anxious that the rebuilding of St. George's Hospital shall make it even more effective as a great-healing and teaching institution, and, knowing the deep interest His Royal Highness takes in the Hospital, we feel that nothing will please him more than to know that he is assisted by the public in assuring the future of an institution which should have the support of every man and woman in the Empire, as St. George's is indeed more than a local hospital—it is a lasting monument to the charitable instincts of the British people.

Donations should be addressed to: The Treasurers, St. George's Hospital, S.W.1, and marked "Royal Wedding Gift."

St. George's Hospital, S.W.1.

GREVILLE
WINCHELSEA
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Royal Wedding Anthem Record

SIR,—On November 30th Decca will have the honour of publishing a record of the utmost importance. It will be a double-sided disc of the Anthem specially written for the Wedding of Their Royal Highnesses The Duke of Kent and the Princess Marina of Greece, sung by the Westminster Abbey Choir, conducted by Dr. Ernest Bullock, the composer of the Anthem, and the record has been made in Westminster Abbey itself.

The label of the record will bear on one side the facsimile of the signature of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, and, on the other side, the facsimile signature of Her Royal Highness the Princess Marina of Greece.

The entire proceeds derived from the sale of the record will be devoted to a philanthropic cause which is of absorbing interest to Their Royal Highnesses, namely, Social Relief Work in connection with those of our fellow men and women who, through the economic disorganisation of our time, are without employment and regular income. This kind of philanthropy is one which all of us, no matter what our station in life, regard as a national duty to our unfortunate kith and kin.

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Frank Briant Memorial Fund

SIR,—The name of Frank Briant and his great and untiring work for the great community of mankind will require no introduction to readers of the *Saturday Review*.

The Frank Briant Memorial Fund has been formed to perpetuate his memory in the only way he would have countenanced, that is, by maintaining the institutions which he founded. For this purpose a national appeal is being made. The scope and purpose of this appeal can best be explained in the words of a statement issued on behalf of the Fund to the following effect:—

"For those who were privileged to know the late Mr. Frank Briant, M.P., personally, and for that far wider circle who have heard of his noble life and work, the extent of his influence for good requires no elaboration. What may not, however, be sufficiently appreciated is the vital duty of making every effort to carry on his work and those practical institutions which were the outcome of his genius for helping others.

"Two of these are Alford House, Lambeth, and the Arnold-Briant Camp at Deal. The former was founded nearly 50 years ago as a club for working men and for boys. Here they came from streets where there was much to depress and discourage, and football, cricket, swimming and athletic clubs were formed.

"The Arnold-Briant Camp at Deal has often been called 'Alford House by the Sea.' Frank Briant was one of the pioneers in Great Britain of holidays for the poor.

"The Fund will be carefully administered by the Frank Briant Memorial Council, the members of which all knew him and his work intimately."

Cheques should be made payable to the Frank Briant Memorial Fund and sent to me, c/o Barclays Bank Ltd., 4, Vere Street, London, W.1.—Yours very truly,

ARTHUR EVANS, O.B.E., M.S., F.R.C.S.
(Hon. Treasurer).

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EN PASSANT

Of all the famous Port Wines which bear the SANDEMAN name, there is one of peculiar interest in so far as both its quality and title are concerned. It is "Partners" Port—so named because it is the particular port favoured by the Sandeman directors. It is a fine "Ruby" wine—composed of choice wines specially selected from the best succeeded Vintages. If you like a full, rich, ruby Port, try "Partners."

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THEATRE NOTES

POOR DRAMA

By Russell Gregory

"Flowers of the Forest"

Whitehall

By John Van Druten

THIS is a confused and confusing play. Mr. Van Druten points out to us in the first and third acts that war is a very dreadful thing. It robs wives of their husbands, young girls of their lovers and parents of their children.

Unfortunately he endeavours to point this moral by showing us a woman who, because her poet lover was killed in the war, has married a "second best" husband and spends her emotional life wondering what her real lover's last words were before he died. This she learns from the mouth of a young man who, in a kind of mediumistic trance receives the quotation verbatim from the "other side." What all this was intended to convey I do not know. It was fairly good Theatre, but very poor drama.

The second act was an interpolation. It took us back to the actual days of the war and showed us the same people before the great catastrophe had finally changed their lives. Apart from the fact that it did not paint an accurate picture of the hopes and fears of those dreadful days, it had no dramatic value; it told us nothing we did not know or could not have guessed after Act I. I take it upon myself to say that a second act which does not provide the ingredient of suspense is a very bad second act indeed.

Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies did not seem to believe in the character she was playing. I am entirely with her in this respect, but it was a pity that she could not have convinced herself. If she had, I am sure she could have convinced me. Miss Marda Vanne was more successful in an equally impossible character. Mr. Stephen Haggard was rather overweighted at the triple prospect of being tubercular, psychic and cockney. Two of these fences he took very well, but his cockney was not of this world. Mr. Henry Oscar was quiet and dignified as the "second best" husband. One felt safe when he was on the stage. The production was adequate.

Finally, if Mr. Van Druten were to re-write his story in chronological order he might achieve that gradual movement from suspense to climax, that development of character and plot without which no play can hope to hold attention.

"Ding and Co."

Embassy Theatre

By C. K. Munro

The action of this play takes place before, during and after a war and the scene is in a house on the South Coast. The characters are half-a-dozen or so young people together with the uncle of one and the guardian of two of them; the author shows us the reactions of these various personalities to the intrusion of war into their lives.

So far, so good, but at the end of it all, I was

in doubt as to the conclusions he wished me to draw. Was war a good or a bad thing?—the world went on willy-nilly. Was the guardian-Cabinet Minister justified in his lies and deceptions to meet the immediate exigencies of the situation?—the world still went on willy-nilly. Even the Epilogue pointed the fact that some of us get some of what we want some of the time, war or no war—and the world goes on willy-nilly.

With a cast of students lightly sprinkled with professional artists, it is unfair to comment on individual performances. Why do it, Mr. Ronald Adam?

"Mary Read"

His Majesty's Theatre

By James Bridie and Claude Gurney

I sing the praises of Mary Robson, so I claim pardon if I seem to forget the play. Miss Robson captured me as easily as she captured the Government frigate—or whatever it was—and I am willing to be her slave. I can only wish that, if I should ever have to doff my spats and shoulder a musket, I may have such a corporal as she.

The play, if the authors will forgive me, does not matter. It is robustious, not to say gorbaceous. Cannons are fired, vitals are stapped and there is no end of blood, to say nothing of wounds.

Apart from Miss Robson, excellent performances are given by Mr. Robert Donat as a sort of inverted hero, Mr. Charles Farrell, Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. W. G. Fay, especially Mr. Farrell. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie produced vigorously and vividly and Miss Molly McArthur more than pulled her weight in the matter of scenery and costumes.

I see that I have said nothing about "bragadoccio" or "swash-buckling," nor have I mentioned "Treasure Island." *Mea culpa*. But you may safely take them for granted.

"The Greeks Had a Word For It" Duke of Yorks

By Zoe Akins

I must confess that I did not enjoy this play. The bickerings of three—gold-diggers—simply do not amuse me. One was sentimental, one business-like and one very crafty, and they quarrelled and quarrelled.

It was all very modern and outspoken, and no doubt there is a joke somewhere in it if only one were sufficiently sophisticated to see it.

The three Graces in question were Hermione Baddeley, Angela Baddeley and Margaret Rawlings. Miss Hermione Baddeley very nearly succeeded in making a stupid play bearable by her sheer personality. Miss Angela Baddeley was rather faint as the business-like courtesan and Miss Margaret Rawlings was miscast. There were also some male characters.

I suppose there is some excuse for writing an inferior play about ladies of easy virtue, and there is no doubt that the audience found it very laughable. The fact that I found it a prodigious waste of time will not prevent it from having a long run.

MUSIC NOTES

SOME NEW ENGLISH SONGS

By Herbert Hughes

I MAKE no excuse for stepping aside this week from the long-winded *Lac des Cygnes* at Sadler's Wells and Mr. Stravinsky's short-winded entertainment at Queen's Hall, to discuss something even more important nearer home. The Tchaikovsky ballet was delightfully produced, Miss Markova danced divinely, the little orchestra behaved well under Mr. Constant Lambert's controlling hand, and Queen Charlotte's Hospital profited from a well-organised gala night. The B.B.C. has done the eminent Russian composer proud and he remains where he did, masterful as ever, but no longer terrible.

On my desk lie some new solo and choral songs which have just arrived from the publishers, compositions that are far more significant in their way than anything I have come across since the death of Peter Warlock. The composers are Armstrong Gibbs, E. J. Moeran, and Roger Quilter, who have nothing in common beyond fastidiousness in the choice of verse to put to music. In the Winthrop Rogers Edition appears Dr. Gibbs's setting of *The Ballad of Gil Morrice* (2s.), a Chauceresque poem adapted into fine modern English by Mordaunt Currie. This is set forth for mixed chorus and orchestra, and is the composer's Opus 78. Hitherto it has not been possible to regard the work of Armstrong Gibbs otherwise than of minor importance: a pretty talent, slightly precious, never deeply moving. Yet here, with only a vocal score to go by, it is pretty evident that he has grown up. This is a man's setting of a man's ballad, full-blooded, eloquent, dramatic.

In the same edition are Mr. Moeran's *Four English Lyrics* (2s. 6d.). If this composer has been influenced by Warlock, no one will blame him; they were intimate friends and shared a love for fine English lyrics. Here are Campion's "Cherry Ripe," Fletcher's "Willow Song," "The Constant Lover" of William Browne, and "The Passionate Shepherd" of Christopher Marlowe, each of which must have been set to music many times. This would have required either vanity or courage, and as Moeran is without any sort of vanity, one must put this achievement down to plain courage.

To most people the name of Roger Quilter is associated with charming, rather delicate songs, settings of Elizabethan and Restoration verse in frankly melodious vein. When I picked up his *Non Nobis, Domine* I could hardly believe my eyes; here was a robust Quilter, a patriotic Quilter I had never suspected. The poem is Kipling's—an event in itself, for Kipling is not over-fond of submitting his verse to the tender mercy of composers, however eloquent and loyal. Of this, Mr. Quilter has made a setting for male chorus in two parts, with an accompaniment conveniently available for orchestra, piano, or organ; while another arrangement is issued for mixed voices with strings or full orchestra.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

A POTTED "BARBER"

Reviewed by Herbert Hughes

TWO fine string quartets and an abridged version of "The Barber of Seville" are among the attractive things lately added to the Columbia catalogue. The first of these, Beethoven's No. 15 in A minor, Op. 132, is issued in album form on five 12-inch discs (LX 332-6) as played by the London String Quartet; the second is Mozart's No. 21 in D major (Kochel 575) played on two 12-inch by the Kolisch Quartet (LX 337-8). I do not know if the Beethoven is the last record we are to have from the L.S.Q., for it is more than whispered that that famous ensemble (of various incarnations) is about to disband for ever; but it should certainly be cherished as much for its defects as its qualities.

If you follow this performance, score in hand, you will observe it is no manicured affair; that the players allow themselves a considerable freedom in observing the composer's directions as to expression, and are evidently having a good time on their own. There is a nice subject here for discussion: loyalty to the text, or freedom of interpretation. Too much punctilio, of course, may simply cancel the music, while the enthusiastic personal touch may just as easily be fantastically wrong.

Elgar's Opinion

I remember discussing the problem with Elgar, *à propos* of the playing of another famous quartet noted for its excessive refinement. Naturally he was opposed to this type of playing; and clinched his argument by saying "My dear fellow, quartet-playing should make you think of four gentlemen sitting down to enjoy themselves after dinner." It was a characteristic remark coming from one whose music has so often suffered from egomaniacal conductors.

"The Barber of Seville" comes in portfolio—No. 176 of the Masterwords Series—with the usual brochure giving an excellent synopsis of the libretto in English. There are twelve selections—all one really wants from an opera of this kind—on six discs, beginning with the Overture and including the principal songs and concerted pieces sung by an all-Italian company from the Scala. The Milan Symphony Orchestra is conducted by Lorenzo Molajoli. The soloists make an admirable team, and include Mercedes Capsir (soprano), Stracciari (baritone) Bettoni and Baccaloni (basses) and Dino Borgioli (tenor). In Italy, if one is wise, one submits oneself to the Italian operatic manner, as one submits (gratefully) to Italian food and Italian wine. These records take you straight back to Italian soil.

Two other Columbia discs are to be noted: one made by the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra and Sir Dan Godfrey of Handel's "Largo" and the Coronation March from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète" (DX 620), and the other by Miss Irene Scharrer (DX 624) of some Chopin Etudes, delightfully played.

CINEMA

THE NOT-SO-MERRY WIDOW

By Mark Forrest

THE film version of that famous musical comedy, *The Merry Widow*, opens at the Empire this week and, as it has been directed by Mr. Lubitsch, the matter is of some importance. Apart from the music, one of the few things about the production which I recognised as having anything to do with the original was the title and that, in the light of the entertainment, is an unfortunate survival for, if there is one thing which this picture is not, it is merry.

The screen version is by Mr. Vajda and Mr. Raphaelson and it is based on the book and lyrics by Mr. Leon and Mr. Stein. I always understood that the late Mr. Edward Morton, who also wrote the book of *Santoy*, was responsible for that of *The Merry Widow*; at any rate when I was a very small boy he allowed me a very small place in his box, and I was a witness of Lily Elsie's triumph, Joe Coyne's nimble feet and George Graves' absurdities. It seemed to me then to be a very merry business altogether, as it did to a great many people older and more experienced than I, but the present version is just dull. Hollywood would, doubtless, reply to this criticism by saying that what was merry in 1908 is hardly likely to prove so in 1934 and that the adventure, to appeal at all, had to be brought up to date. The obvious counter to that is that if this is the merriest thing they could do to catch up with the time, it is a pity that they bothered Mr. Lubitsch at all.

Missing Wit

I have a great admiration for the work of Mr. Lubitsch, who is, as a rule, witty, clever (vide *The Marriage Circle*, which I still think to be the best of his pictures, and *The Love Parade*) and in good taste, a rare quality when skating over thin ice upon the screen. There is evidence in *The Merry Widow* that none of those qualities has altogether deserted him, but one has certainly been given a rest. The wit is practically non-existent and the critic of an American paper, who refers to this production as "the foam on champagne," appears to have mistaken that excellent wine for Asti.

The photography is superb and one sequence, that in the ballroom where the famous waltz is given, is finely contrived. Jeanette Macdonald is in good voice so far as the singing goes and Maurice Chevalier throws his gay smile everywhere, but Everard Horton, as Baron Popoff, has nothing very amusing to do or say. Mr. Lehar's music has been retained, for which concession many, many thanks.

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BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT

Extend the Trustee List!

(By Our City Editor)

WHEN the Trustee Act of 1925 became law, yields of $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. could be obtained on British Government stocks, allowing for redemption and it is not conceivable that the present state of investment affairs could have been foreseen by the financial and political interests responsible for the Act. The era of "cheap money" has brought with it numerous controversies, the chief being the extent to which the Treasury is justified in forcing low interest rates upon investors and accentuating the "cheap money" conditions in order to do this. A borrower is, in the ordinary course of events, justified in taking advantage of the most favourable conditions obtainable for raising his loans, but the Treasury stands in an unique position in that it is largely able, with all the present financial restrictions at its command, to dictate conditions to lenders.

Surely there must be a limit to which such power should be used before it is abused, and that limit seems to have been reached at the present time. To take the opposite case, no investor would expect the Government to pay 7 or 8 per cent. on its loans were monetary influences such as to force rates up to such a level. All would agree in such circum-

stances that the Treasury would be acting properly in taking steps to reduce charges on its loans to a basis of 5 per cent. or less. The present level of British Government stocks is largely an artificial one, created by the shortage of Trustee stocks, the supply of which is under direct Treasury control.

More Trustee Stocks

The way out of the present harsh position, from the investor's point of view, is an extension of the Trustee list, so that more stocks are available for investments made by Trustees. At present, a number of Public Board securities come outside the Trustee circle examples of such stocks being those of the Central Electricity Board, Port of London Authority and Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. All of these concerns are of a semi-official character and their finances should be entirely above suspicion, and therefore, suitable for the investment of trust funds. One cannot imagine that, in the event of any difficulty arising in these Boards meeting their financial obligations, they would not receive Government assistance and their loan stocks seem much more desirable Trustee investments than those of the British railways, which are included in the list under certain somewhat anomalous conditions.

Thus, the prior stocks of a British railway rank as full Trustee securities by reason of the ordinary stock having received the necessary 3 per cent. dividend, though the payment of this weakens the reserves behind the prior charges themselves. Earnings, rather than dividend, should be the qualification for Trustee status.

The stocks of other public utilities such as gas and electric supply companies could be brought into the Trustee list under some such conditions as already apply to water companies' stocks. There seems no reason to discriminate between one and another class of public utility concern, provided the necessary sound financial record applies.

A further step which would greatly enlarge the supply of Trustee stocks available, would be the amendment of conditions applying to redemption price. At present, a number of sound Colonial issues are not available by reason of their standing at more than 15 points above the redemption price or of their being above par and redeemable within 15 years. Yet these stocks give a better return both "flat" and to redemption than is obtainable on Trustee securities, and there are many arguments for their inclusion in the charmed circle. The great point is that when the Trustee Act was framed, the number of such Colonial stocks which did not qualify for the Trustee list was small. Now that yields are so low, their prices have risen to unforeseen heights and they have become ineligible. It is this position which needs redress.

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BROADCASTING

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT TO
THE B.B.C.

By Alan Howland

IN a few weeks' time we shall all be sending each other Christmas presents, or at least exchanging Christmas Cards. The B.B.C. and I will be no exceptions to the rule. The B.B.C., I understand, is sending me a very round silver-plated robin, jewelled in every feather and signed by every literate member of the Staff. Employés in the Light Entertainment Department who have not passed out of standard IV. will be allowed to make their mark, if they have not already done so.

I, for my part, propose to give them a piece of my mind, suitably embossed and dedicated.

In the first place it has been a tremendous pleasure to me to learn that there have been from time to time so many people *In Town To-night*. I had no idea that there were so many sweeps, sardine-tin collectors, rocking-horse spotters and one-legged sandwich-men. And what a thrill to realise that they were actually *In Town*! I had always pictured them in some remote island boring each other stiff with anecdotes about the best rocking-horse ever spotted or the most famous sardine ever tinned. And to think they are actually in

Town! And To-night of all nights! I am grateful to the B.B.C.

Then there are all those delightful crooners. It is so clever of them to blend the American accent with their native cockney and so awfully decent of the B.B.C. to provide them with the opportunity of displaying this unique talent. They can also make a stupid lyric sound even more stupid than it really is, and that is a feather in their cap—as well as in the high hat of the B.B.C.

I must not forget either, the vocalists, particularly those one hears in the morning and afternoon. As everybody knows it takes a really clever man or woman to be consistently half a semi-tone flat, and the B.B.C. refuses to employ anyone who is not really clever. It is only in recent years that I have learnt how much more exciting "Onaway Awake Beloved" is when the singer has his own ideas on the subject of pitch and sticks to them. For this new experience I am again grateful to the B.B.C.

Cinema organs, too, are a source of continual pleasure. They are not content to make me shudder. They shudder themselves—which I think is so nice of them.

When I count up my blessings I realise that my Christmas present to the B.B.C. must be a really expensive one. In other words I shall have to give it—or them—a very big piece of my mind indeed. I shall, of course, tie it up in ever such a nice parcel and the Control Board will have such fun in undoing it.

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More Magic Cold Cures

Query

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

God Bless you! We are all most grateful to you for the splendid cold cure you recommended in the *Saturday Review*. But we should be pleased if you would be so good as to let us know why Cerebos salt will not do.

We thank you again for your benevolence and wish your wonderful paper success in its fight for God, King and Country.

New College, Oxford.

R. A. HAMILTON.
R. MOSS.
GEORGE C. WOOD.

Answer

(To the Editor)

SIR,

Lady Houston's interesting cure will undoubtedly be highly appreciated by your readers who are unfortunate victims of that troublesome malady—the common cold.

Prevention is better than cure, however, and the nasal douches Lady Houston prescribes, if used night and morning all the year round, will prevent a virulent cold, provided the user is fairly physically fit.

Lady Houston says "not Cerebos" in reference to the salt employed in the gargle or douche solution, doubtless meaning "not Cerebos Table Salt."

We are glad to indicate, however, that Cerebos, Ltd., manufacture a grade of salt which is ideal for gargling or nasal douches, by reason of the fact that it is pure Sodium Chloride in such a fine form that it dissolves immediately, and it can be bought in a 7-lb. linen bag for 1s. only.

For CEREBOS, LTD.

(Signed) C. McC.Trendall

(Sales Manager).

Willesden, N.W.10.

Inventor of Langdale's

DEAR MADAM,

I have just read the Armistice Number, Nov. 10th of *The Saturday Review*, and hasten to thank you most sincerely for your very kind recommendation of Langdale's Cinnamon.

This was invented by my late father some forty years ago, and has become a household remedy throughout the Empire. As you are such a great patriot, perhaps you would be interested to know that every man in my employ including my four brothers served in the war, and my only son is now a member of the Honourable Artillery Company.

As some slight recompense for your extreme kindness, may I suggest that it would give me very great pleasure if I could send a supply of Langdale's to any charitable organisation in which you are interested.

Concluding, I also would say "God Bless Lady Houston," adding in all sincerity, "Thank God for a Lady Houston who has the pluck to attack our lethargic Statesmen for allowing our beloved country to sink to the level of a third-rate Naval and Air power." Here's to you!!

E. F. LANGDALE.

Wholesale Chemist,

72, Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

Cleared Head and Nose

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I thank you for your prompt response to my application for your remedy. I have tried it and have found great benefit; it has cleared my head also from the dull heavy feeling, also cleared nose.

I am passing on your remedy to others for their benefit.

ELIZABETH MCCORMICK.

14, King's Terrace, Millfield,
Sunderland.

Free from Cold

DEAR MADAM,

I am in receipt of your letter containing cold cure, for which I am very grateful.

For the past week I have adopted your methods and

am glad to inform you that I am now free from a cold.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the cure which has been of great benefit to me.

Bell Hotel, Norwich,
Norfolk.

MARJORIE MACKILLIE.

Now much Better

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I received your cold cure, for which I thank you. My cold is now much better, although it was very severe. I shall always keep your cure by me and recommend it to friends. Kindly accept my sincere thanks.

15, St. Andrew's Villas,
Bradford.

LOUISA R. HOCKNEY.

"Immense amount of Good"

The Revd. W. Robins writes to thank Lady Houston for the Cold Cure which she kindly sent to him. He has found it very beneficial and it has done him an immense amount of good. It will be invaluable in any future case for himself and for others.

10, The Orchard, Seaton, Devon.

Soon Ousted

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Many thanks for your very valuable cold cure hints. I did have a terribly bad cold, but your remedy soon ousted it.

J.J.A.

Havant Rd., Farlington, Portsmouth.

Value of Salt Water

DEAR MADAM,

I am sure there are many thousands who will thank you for your "Cold Remedy" if they will only take the trouble to try it.

Quite by accident, I discovered years ago that salt water snuffed down the nostrils was a wonderful preventive for colds, but, as you say, it must be done at practically the first sneeze; wait one day, then all the doctors in the kingdom cannot do anything except to prevent complications.

Nearly forty years ago I was under Dr. Farquar Matheson for deafness, and one of the things I had to do was to snuff salt water down the nose every morning; it was noticed by all my family that I never took a cold even when all the household was suffering from them. After giving up the treatment I felt a cold developing one day, and I immediately started the salt business; the next day my mother said, "I thought you were going to have a cold, but it has not developed," and it did not do so.

H. ADAMS.

Melrose Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

More Proof

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Received your cold cure after three weeks of a bad cold. After using cure was much better. Cough mixture very good. Came the vaseline—O! but it had to go, and it all helped me. Shall keep recipe for future use.

Wigan Rd., Dean, Bolton.

E. GRATIN.

Appreciation

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Allow me to extend to you my sincere appreciation for the valuable remedy you were generous enough to impart to readers of the *Sunday Pictorial* and upon which I acted. I am happy to say the result has been very beneficial and I shall always have the remedy close at hand. As I am very susceptible to colds with the consequent loss of work and annoyance you will realise how very much I appreciate your generous action.

WILLIAM ELVRY.

C/o Mrs. Lane, 37, Horfield Road,
Kingston, Bristol, 2.